









*The Harp of the Scottish Covenant*

“The Covenant times,  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!”  
—WORDSWORTH.

THE HARP  
OF THE  
SCOTTISH COVENANT

POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

*Relating to the Covenanting Struggle*

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

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INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF

The late Professor John Stuart Blackie,

WHOSE PATRIOTISM, LOVE OF NATIVE SONG,  
AND FEARLESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF EVERY-  
THING THAT IS BEST IN THE SCOTTISH  
NATIONALITY, ENDEARED HIM TO THE  
HEARTS OF ALL TRUE-HEARTED SCOTSMEN  
BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Solemn League and Covenant  
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears :  
But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—  
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers !

—ROBERT BURNS.

“ But I had a feeling of awe when writing ‘The City of the Plague,’ ‘Unimore,’ and more strongly when inditing a long MS. poem on the Covenanters, which, I believe, has run on to five thousand lines, but which will not see the light till I cease to see it. ‘Indeed !’ I said ; ‘why not sooner ?’ ‘The fact is,’ he said, ‘the feeling that pervades Scotland—its every hill and strath, Highlands as well as Lowlands—about that stalwart and noble race, is itself a perpetual poem, humming through the Scottish land and the Scottish heart ; and I should be afraid lest my effort should fall short of the national feeling. I once thought of writing a prose work, too, either in shape of a tale or of an history, on these brave men. Scott has not done them full justice in “Old Mortality,” otherwise the masterpiece of his genius.’ ”—PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON—see “The History of a Man,” p. 116.

## EDITOR'S NOTE.

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WHILE no effort or research has been spared on the part of the Editor to make the present anthology of poetry relating to the Scottish Covenant as complete and representative as possible, compatible with a certain standard of poetic quality, it is in the nature of such works that some notable omissions may have been made. It is permitted him to hope, however, that it contains, on the whole, the best of the lyrical bloom and poetic fervour of an emotion that has moved the heart of Lowland Scotland for more than two hundred years. On this account, if on no other, it may prove serviceable as a classification in the region of Scottish sentiment as well as in the field of Scottish song.

In the collection of material for the undertaking, much correspondence was entailed, and to his numerous correspondents the Editor hereby expresses his grateful acknowledgment of their various courtesies. In this respect, the able assistance of Mr. Robert Hogg of Musselburgh calls for special mention, not only for the rich store of knowledge of native poetry which he so freely placed at disposal, but also for the willing help rendered in what may be termed the drudgery of transcription, etc. To Mr. Robert Reid (Rob. Wanlock) of Montreal, the Rev. Robert Logan, The Woodlands, Moffat, and Mr. Duncan MacGregor Crerar of New York, the thanks of the Editor are likewise due for much valuable counsel and aid generously bestowed during the prosecution of the work.





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the greatness of their mission. But in this light also the Covenanters of Scotland may fairly claim the grateful memory of men. It would be difficult to point to any great struggle, in which men have exhibited a more passionate enthusiasm for their cause, or a more complete emancipation from all selfish seductions which might have obscured the singleness of their aim or cooled the ardour of their devotion. In fact the intense earnestness of the Covenanters has given a colour to the subsequent religious life of Scotland. It has created an almost morbid craving for a similar intensity of fervour amid the calm routine of peaceful times. In a great crisis, when a nation's cause is the cause of humanity, moderation is more akin to vice than to virtue. For moderation is not only opposed to vicious excess ; it may imply a lack of that heroic enthusiasm which a great moral crisis demands. It was the consciousness of this fact during the covenanting struggle, that has ever since made the term *moderate* a bye-word of reproach in Scotland when applied to religious character.

It appears, then, that both the cause for which they fought and the heroic courage with which they fought for it, have made the struggle of the Covenanters a genuine *epos* in Scottish history. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the varied scenes of such a struggle, with the thoughts and sentiments which they suggest, should have found expression in song. It has, indeed, been too commonly assumed that all the lyrical fervour evoked by the conflict, was on the opposite side. This is a mistake. The Jacobite songs, which might be supposed to come from the opponents of the Covenant, belong to a conflict that was not only later, but of a

totally different interest. The truth is, that neither the Jacobite nor the Covenancing struggle called forth many lyrics of genuine poetical merit, while the combatants were grappling for life and death with one another. Most of the finest poems connected with both of the struggles are the products of later reflection by poetic minds.

It cannot be denied that the Jacobite struggle involved some issues that were calculated to strike the fancy and the sentiment of men. But the fancy and sentiment were of limited range. They were mainly those sympathetic movements of the mind, which are stirred by the tragedy of an old royal house fighting a hopeless battle to regain its lost place among the dynasties of the world. But natural pity over such a tragedy is traversed and often checked by the knowledge that the doomed family had brought its fate upon itself as a righteous retribution for its crimes against the cause of humanity. On the other hand, the Covenancing struggle, with all its imperfections, offers a theme of universal and undying interest to the world. Some years ago, in referring to the Jacobite songs, I was led to write, that "louder in the ear of the Scottish people than *Wae's me for Prince Charlie*, is the wail over the martyrs of the Covenant; and tales of the heroism these displayed amid their sufferings are cherished in the memory and told with enthusiasm, when the name of the Chevalier is never mentioned, except in singing Jacobite songs for the enjoyment of their poetry and music." When I wrote these words, I was not aware of the extent to which enthusiastic memories of the Covenancing struggle had found expression in Scottish poetry. The Editor of this volume has proved that

there is a Harp of the Covenant, which can strike a genuine poetic tone ; and Scotsmen, all the world over, must feel indebted to him for having done such a labour of love, and for having done it so well.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

(From Introduction to "*Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.*")

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

"Till doomsday shall come, they shall never see the Kirk of Scotland and our Covenant burnt to ashes ; or, if it should be thrown in the fire, yet it cannot be so burnt or buried as not to have a resurrection."—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SCOTLAND ! hallowed in thy story—

Who would trace thine annals right—

One peculiar page of glory,

Ever brightens on his sight !

Not the honours, far descended,

Of thine ancient hero kings ;

Not thy bulwarks, blood defended—

These are but thy meaner things !

True, the pulse exulting flutters ;

True, our souls within us burn,

Trumpet names as Freedom utters,

Wallace, Bruce, and Bannockburn !

But a holier joy subdues us,

Tracing, while our heartstrings thrill,

How the Saviour deigned to choose us,  
In his cause to suffer still !  
Honoured be the patriot story !  
Well may Scottish hearts beat high ;  
Yet a far-excelling glory  
Glads the heaven-anointed eye—  
Heritage, unbought, unpriced,  
Rich in the reproach of Christ !

Early—early, on our mountains,  
Presage of a glorious day,  
Pure, as from its native fountains,  
Faintly broke the Gospel ray.  
Storm and cloud the pathway covers,  
By our rude forefathers trod ;  
Yet that dawning brightness hovers  
Where St. Columb walked with God :  
Ever broadening, ever welling,  
From Iona's holy home  
Poured the radiance, sin-dispelling,  
Till it met the fogs of Rome !

Dark eclipse the earth then shrouded ;  
Lurid phantasms filled the air ;  
But the glorious sun, though clouded,  
Shorn, and beamless, *still was there !*  
Witness, many a faint forewarning,  
Struggling through the night of crime ;

Prescient of a second dawning  
Of the Gospel's noonday prime.  
Streaks, that like the northern light,  
Shoot in promise up the night !

Lo ! it comes ! the mist hath risen—  
Martyr pyres the gloom dispel ;  
Scotland wakes, and bursts her prison,  
Lighted by the flames of hell !  
Rome hath wrought her own undoing ;  
Rome infatuate ! Rome accurst !  
All her fabric, one vast ruin,  
Crumbles 'neath the thunderburst !  
Fierce the strife, and fierce the slaughter ;  
Blood her rubbish moistens o'er,  
Even till error's loveliest daughter  
Falls upon a hostile shore !  
Poor forfeit to the fatal band,  
Once lightly sealed with careless hand !  
Twice crowned Queen—thrice wedded wife—  
More regal in her death than life !

Now the infant Church hath quiet ;  
Surely now her toils may cease !  
O'er the wild waves' rout and riot  
Broods the halcyon wing of peace !  
Rome hath wrought her own undoing !  
Papal fires no longer blaze !

Ah ! but forth the mighty ruin,  
What new portents mar our gaze !  
Sin, the fiend ! is hydra-headed—  
Far the Church's promised rest ;  
Avarice, with ambition wedded,  
Points new weapons at her breast !  
Brief her Murray's true upholding—  
Nor tears nor prayers protract its span ;  
And the helm falls from his holding  
Who never feared the face of man ! \*  
While myriad mischiefs swarming spring,  
From minions of a minion King !

Ah ! the eye is sick with seeing ;  
Ah ! the heart is faint with fear.  
Clouds athwart the horizon fleeing,  
Harbingers of tempest near !  
God hath laid to sleep His chosen ;  
Who the mighty shall withstand ?  
And the tide of faith seems frozen  
In the winter of the land !  
For a space it darkens, darkens,  
Hope and promise in the tomb !  
But the Lord looks down, and hearkens  
Sobs of prayer amid the gloom !

---

\* John Knox.

“Nay, my people—not forsaken,  
Though afflicted sore thou art.  
Of my strength thy hold is taken ;  
Thy fresh springs are in my heart !  
From the deep vault of the prison ;  
From the lone isle of the sea ;  
From thy banished ones hath risen  
An accepted voice to Me !

Chosen in affliction’s waters,  
Chosen ’neath the oppressor’s rod,  
I have sealed thy sons and daughters  
In a covenant with God !  
Pass thou on, a sign and wonder,  
As my nation was of yore ;  
In the secret place of thunder  
I have laid thy help in store !  
Quit thy hold of earthly favour ;  
Touch not the accursed thing !  
Monarchs *must* abhor thy savour  
While they set at naught thy King !  
Part not—halve not thine allegiance,  
Till I come to claim mine own ;  
In the woe of thine obedience  
Bear my Cross and guard my Crown,  
All its thorns in thy true sight,  
Transfigured into beams of light !”

Thus, a witness to the Churches,  
Scotland's Church hath ever been—  
Carnal men, with vain researches,  
Musing what the sign may mean !  
Like her Master, poor and lowly,  
Seeking naught of price below,  
All she claims, with freedom holy,  
Still about His work to go ;  
Coveting nor wealth nor station ;  
Terrible to naught but sin ;  
Mean in outward estimation,  
She is glorious within !  
Trace her unmolested going—  
Cæsar finds observance meet ;  
Living waters round her flowing,  
Oh, how beautiful her feet !  
Hope, o'er those broad waters gliding,  
Fast pursues the waning night,  
And the home of her abiding,  
Gathers still and radiates light !  
Strange ! that in her pathway ever  
Strifes and oppositions spring ;  
Nay ! she sows beside the river,  
And her shout is of a King !

Since from Herod's couch the slumber  
Parted at the wise men's word,  
Kings and rulers without number

Band themselves against the Lord !  
Tolls a death-knell through their riot ;  
Shakes a terror 'neath their scorn ;  
And they seek, with vain disquiet,  
For the Babe in Bethlehem born !  
Hating still, in deadliest measure,  
Who that rising sceptre own ;  
Marring all their pomp and pleasure  
With the shadow of a throne !  
True ! they kneel with feigned behaviour,  
Myrrh and frankincense will bring ;  
Priest and Prophet own the Saviour,  
But—they crucify the King !  
Wouldst thou hail an earthly Master,  
Then the world would love its own !  
Grasp thy banner-truth the faster—  
See that no man take thy crown !

Hope thou not, then, earth's alliance ;  
Take thy stand beside the Cross ;  
Fear, lest by unblest compliance,  
Thou transmute thy gold to dross !  
Steadfast in thy meek endurance,  
Prophesy in sackcloth on—  
Hast thou not the pledged assurance,  
Kings one day shall kiss the Son ?  
Oft thy foes may triumph o'er thee ;  
Tread thy carcass in the street ;

Sing aloud the hate they bore thee—  
Thou shalt stand upon thy feet !  
Life through all thy veins returning,  
In the sight of those who doomed—  
And the Bush, for ever burning,  
Never—never—be consumed !

Now unto the hill-tops get thee  
Whence the sunrise we descry ;  
Nightly on thy watch tower set thee,  
For His coming draweth nigh !  
Tell the nations of the glory  
Through the blackness we discern ;  
Sound a trumpet with the story  
Of the King who shall return !  
Call to Judah in her blindness ;  
Bid benighted Israel hear ;  
Drop the word of truth and kindness  
On the heathen's palsied ear !  
Trim thy lamp—the night-hours cheering ;  
Wash thy robes from every stain ;  
Watch, to hail the glad appearing  
Of the Bridegroom and His train !  
Haste ! thy coming Lord to greet !  
Cast thy crown before His feet !  
Only, may his quest for thee  
Find thee—what He made thee—Free !



## THE SABBATH.

*(Extract.)*

JAMES GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !  
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed  
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze :  
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;  
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

. . . . .

Oh blissful day !

When all men worship God as conscience wills.  
 Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,  
 A virtuous race, to godliness devote.  
 What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil  
 The record of their fame ! What though the men  
 Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize  
 The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,  
 With Superstition's name ! Yet, yet their deeds,  
 Their constancy in torture and in death,—  
 These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall  
 On history's honest page be pictured bright  
 To latest times. . . . .

With them each day was holy, every hour  
 They stood prepared to die, a people doomed  
 To death :—old men, and youths, and simple maids.  
 With them each day was holy ; but that morn  
 On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*  
*Was laid*, joyous arose ; to die that day  
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,  
 O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought  
 The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,  
 Dispart to different seas : fast by such brooks,  
 A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat  
 With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem  
 Amid the heathery wild, that all around  
 Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these

Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled  
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :  
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,  
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose  
On England's banner, and had powerless struck  
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host.)  
The lyart veteran heard the word of God  
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured  
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud  
Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased  
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad,  
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear \*  
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.  
But years more gloomy followed ; and no more  
The assembled people dared, in face of day,  
To worship God, or even at the dead  
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,  
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood  
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly  
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell  
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,  
Their faithful pastor's voice : he by the gleam  
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,  
And words of comfort spake : over their souls  
His accents soothing came,—as to her young

---

\* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,  
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed  
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads  
Fondly her wings ; close nestling 'neath her breast,  
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

## THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

JAMES HISLOP.

“One day in a far-off glen among the heather, James Hislop laid down his head to rest on a Covenanter's grave, and became inspired.”—REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

IN a dream of the night, I was wafted away  
To the muirlands of mist where the martyrs lay ;  
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen  
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,  
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of  
Zion,  
All bloody and torn, 'móng the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast ;  
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew  
Glisten'd sheen 'móng the heath-bells and mountain-  
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, in the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud ;  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers, and the bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and glad-  
ness,  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness ;  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

But ah ! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings—  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings—  
And drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-  
morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were  
lying  
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were  
crying ;  
For the horsemen of Earl's-hall around them were  
hovering,  
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty  
covering.

Tho' their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-  
sheath'd,  
Yet the vengeance that darken'd their brows was un-  
breathed ;  
With eyes raised to heaven, in meek resignation,  
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;  
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,  
As the hosts of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were  
shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded ;  
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as proud and un-  
bending  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were  
gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,  
As in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were  
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had ended,

A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended :  
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding ;  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye—  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !



## THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BAR the door ! put out the light, for it gleams across  
     the night,  
 And guides the bloody motion of their feet ;  
 Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in  
     their quest,  
 And with water quench the blazing of the peat.  
 Now, wife, sit still and hark !—hold my hand amid the  
     dark ;  
 O Jeanie, we are scatter'd—e'en as sleet !

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the  
     shore,  
 And looks upon the breaking of the bay,  
 In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice  
     red  
 With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay ;  
 And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen  
     Ayr,  
 And we gather'd in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How ! Sit at home in fear, when God's voice was in  
mine ear,

When the priests of Baal were slaughtering His sheep ?  
Nay ! there I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my  
hand,

For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap ;  
And the Lord was in His skies, with a thousand dread-  
ful eyes,  
And His breathing made a trouble on the deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,  
Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare ;  
And not a man but knew the work he had to do,  
If the fiend should fall upon us unaware.  
And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with  
affright,—  
The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh, solemn, sad, and slow, rose the stern voice of Mon-  
roe,  
And he curst the curse of Babylon the Whore ;  
We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,  
Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore ;  
And the eyes of all were dim as they fixed themselves  
on him,  
And the sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the  
psalm,

The sweetness of God's voice upon his tongue,  
With one voice we praised the Lord of the fire and of  
the sword,

And louder than the winter wind it rung ;  
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest  
by,

And a vapour roll'd around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,

Though we could not see the criers of the cry,  
But we sang and gript our brands, and touch'd each  
other's hands,

While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky ;  
And, sudden, strange, and low, hiss'd the voice of  
Kilmahoe,

"Grip your weapons ! Wait in silence ! They are  
nigh !"

And hark'ning, with clench'd teeth, we could hear,  
across the heath,

The tramping of the horses as they flew,  
And no man breath'd a breath, but all were still as  
death,

And close together shivering we drew ;  
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of hell,  
And—the fiend was in among us ere we knew !

Then our battle shriek arose, 'mid the cursing of our  
foes—

No face of friend or foeman could we mark ;  
But I struck and kept my stand (trusting God to guide  
my hand),

And struck, and struck, and heard the hell-hounds  
bark ;

And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my  
force,

And ript him with my reap-hook through the dark.

As we struggl'd, knowing not whose hand was at our  
throat,

Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,  
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,  
And murmur in the pauses of our cries ;

But, lo ! before we wist, rose the curtain of the mist,  
And the pale moon shed her sorrow from the skies.

Oh, God ! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,  
That wither'd up the heart's blood into woe,  
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,  
And the butcher'd lying bloodily below ;  
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around  
The whiteness and the wonder of the snow !

Ay, and thicker, thicker, pour'd the pale silence of the  
Lord,

From the hollow of His hand we saw it shed,  
And it gather'd round us there, till we groan'd and  
gasp'd for air,

And beneath was ankle-deep and stained red ;  
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in fight,  
Was *buried* in the drift ere he was dead !

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their  
strength,

For faster, faster, faster up they stream'd,  
And their pistols flashing bright, show'd their faces  
ashen white,

And their blue steel caught the driving moon, and  
gleam'd ;  
But a dying voice cried, "Fly !" And behold, e'en at  
the cry,  
A panic fell upon us and we scream'd !

Oh, shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing blood and  
blows,

Our scream unto the Lord that let us die ;  
And the fiend amid us roared his defiance at the Lord,  
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his cry ;  
And the Lord kept still in heaven, and the only answer  
given

Was the white snow falling, falling, from the sky.

Then we fled ! the darkness grew ! 'mid the driving  
cold we flew

Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held dear ;  
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs behind,  
And the scream of those who perish'd in their fear ;  
But I knew by heart each path through the darkness of  
the strath,  
And I hid myself all day,—and I am here !

Ah ! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold,  
And beside them the accursed and the proud ;  
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of Glen Ayr,  
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod.  
And while the widow groans, lo ! God's hand around  
their bones  
His thin ice windeth whitely, as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,  
And palest where the ocean surges boom ;  
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy prayer or  
rite,  
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom ;  
And deeper, deeper still spreads the snow on vale and  
hill,  
And deeper and yet deeper is their tomb !

## KIRKBRIDE.\*

ROBERT REID.

BURY me in Kirkbride,  
 Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie ;  
 The auld kirkyaird on the grey hillside,  
 Under the open sky ;  
 Under the open sky,  
 On the breist o' the braes sae steep,  
 And side by side wi' the banes that lie  
 Streikt there in their hinmaist sleep :  
 This puir dune body maun sune be dust,  
 But it thrills wi' a stoun' o' pride,  
 To ken it may mix wi' the great and just  
 That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

Little o' peace or rest  
 Had we, that hae aften stude  
 Wi' oor face to the foe on the mountain's crest,

---

\* It is related of an old Covenanter who had survived the persecution that the last request he made while on his deathbed was, "Bury me in Kirkbride, for there's much of God's redeemed dust lies there." It is on these words that this beautiful poem is founded.



Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude ;  
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude  
For the richts that the Covenant claimed,  
And ready wi' life to mak' language gude  
Gin the King or his Kirk we blamed ;  
And aften I thocht in the dismal day  
We'd never see gloamin' tide,  
But melt like the cranreuch's rime that lay  
I' the dawin, abune Kirkbride.

But gloamin' fa's at last  
On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,  
And the trouble through whilk we hae safely past  
Has left us weary and wae ;  
Has left us weary and wae,  
And fain to be laid, limb-free,  
In a dreamless dwawm to be airtit awa'  
To the shores o' the crystal sea :  
Far frae the toil, and the moil, and the murk,  
And the tyrant's cursèd pride,  
Row'd in a wreath o' the mists that lurk,  
Heaven-sent, aboot auld Kirkbride.

Wheesht ! did the saft win' speak ?  
Or a yaumerin' nicht bird cry ?  
Did I dream that a warm haun' touch't my cheek,  
And a winsome face gade by ?  
And a winsome face gade by,



Wi' a far-aff licht in its een,  
A licht that bude come frae the dazzlin' sky,  
For it spak' o' the starnies' sheen :  
Age may be donart, and dazed and blin',  
But I'se warrant, whate'er betide,  
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ain,  
And the tryst-word seemed, Kirkbride.

Hark ! frae the far hill-taps,  
And laich frae the lanesome glen,  
Some sweet psalm tune like a late dew draps  
Its wild notes down the win' ;  
Its wild notes down the win'  
Wi' a kent soun' owre my min',  
For we sang't on the muir, a wheen huntit men,  
Wi' oor lives in oor haun' langsyne ;  
But never a voice can disturb this sang,  
Were it Claver'se in a' his pride,  
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd thrang  
Forgether'd abune Kirkbride.

I hear May Moril's tongue,  
That I wistna to hear again,  
And there—'twas the black McMichael's rung  
Clear in the closin' strain ;  
Clear in the closin' strain,  
Frae his big heart, bauld and true :  
It stirs my saul as in days bygane,

When his gude braidsword he drew :  
I needs maun be aff to the muirs ance mair,  
For he'll miss me by his side :  
I' the thrang o' the battle I aye was there,  
And sae maun it be in Kirkbride.

Rax me a staff and plaid,  
That in readiness I may be,  
And dinna forget that THE BOOK be laid  
Open, across my knee ;  
Open, across my knee,  
And a text close by my thoom,  
And tell me true, for I scarce can see,  
That the words are, "Lo ! I come ;"  
Then carry me through at the Cample ford,  
And up by the lang hillside,  
And I'll wait for the comin' o' God, the Lord,  
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride !

## THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THERE'S nae Covenant now, lassie !

There's nae Covenant now !

The Solemn League and Covenant

Are a' broken through !

There's nae Renwick now, lassie,

There's nae gude Cargill,

Nor holy Sabbath preaching

Upon the Martyrs' Hill !

It's naething but a sword, lassie !

A bluidy, bluidy ane !

Waving owre poor Scotland,

For her rebellious sin.

Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,

Scotland's a' wrang—

It's neither to the hill nor glen,

Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyr's Hill's forsaken

In simmer's dusk sae calm ;

There's nae gathering now, lassie,

To sing the e'ning psalm !

But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,  
Aboon the warrior's cairn ;  
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,  
Aneath the waving fern !

## THE DECLARATION OF SANQUHAR.

*(June 22, 1680.)*

W. STEWART ROSS.

YE wha revere the ashes  
     O' your country's martyr-fires,  
 And ye wha's guid auld Scottish bluid  
     Is worthy o' your sires,  
 Come and listen to a lay  
     O' the Banner o' the Blue,  
 And what the men o' Scotland  
     Did langsyne daur and do ;  
 How they fearless to the torture  
     And to the scaffold trod,  
 And broke the tyranny o' kings  
     Against the targe o' God,  
 When cruel Dalzell, and Grier o' Lag,  
     And bluidy Claver'se slew,  
 Till ilka blade o' Scottish grass  
     Kep'd bluid instead o' dew.

The craftsman waxed heroic,  
     And the peasant grew sublime,

To confront the rack and dungeon  
O' the dreary "killin' time :"  
They perished on the misty hills  
O' rugged Galloway,  
Their life-bluid dyed the wimplin' burns  
O' Urr and Irongray,  
The auld stane brig o' Bothwell  
Was cumbered wi' their dead,  
And the breckans became purple,  
And the heather darker reid :  
The fire, the sword, the roarin' wave,  
The scaffold, gaunt and high,  
Had seen the martyr thousands  
O' the wale o' Scotland die ;  
Nae siller linin' to the clud,  
Nae whusper in the air,  
To say that up in heaven abune  
The airm o' God was bare.

God's witnesses in dungeon lay,  
God's puir folk wandered lone,  
Falsehood sat in the council chair,  
And baseness on the throne.  
Frae lairs amang the breckans hid,  
Frae slaves on burnin' lands,  
Frae whaur guilt-tortured womanhood  
Shrieked frae the Bladnoch sands ;

Frae whaur on thy reid "sands," Dumfries,  
The life-bluid ebbit slow,  
Frae whaur the psalms o' Zion thrilled  
The wilds o' Kirkmahoe ;  
Frae whaur pale Daith yaukt owre Drunclog,  
Frae Pentland, cauld and still,  
Whaur bluidy spears and Bible leaves  
Lay on the lonely hill,  
Whaur pee-wheets yelpt and corbies pykit  
The deid man's graveless banes ;  
Frae whaur the neive o' Daith doon strikit  
The deid man's shulpit wanes ;  
Frae sauls beneath the altar-stane,  
Daith-gasp and deein' groan,  
A cry rose to the livin' God  
That shook the Stewart's throne.

'Twas when the green leaves prinkt the trees,  
Burns sang their peacefu' croon,  
A' in the gowden simmer prime  
O' rosy-mantled June ;  
The laverock sang high in the air,  
The white cluds floated slow  
Owre twenty stern, determined men  
Twa hundred years ago ;  
Frae the owre-hingin', deep-blue hills  
The reid sun glintin' doun

Saw twenty o' Christ's witnesses  
Ride into Sanquhar toun :  
The holy psalm, the voice o' prayer,  
And then the warnin' ring  
O' words renouncin' fealty  
Unto a perjured king.

Feeble and few were those wha daured  
Foretell a kingdom's loss ;  
But fearless they the dauntless words  
Nailed to the Sanquhar Cross.  
Humble, heroic rebels ye !  
If the time e'er come to fling  
The defiance o' the People  
'Gainst the airmies o' the King,  
Here is ane sprang frae four loins  
Wha shall grimly tak' his place,  
And daur to hurl the gauntlet  
Richt in the tyrant's face !

O, wild it seemed when outlawed folk  
Proclaimed an empty throne,  
Sentenced to exile royal lives,  
And could not save their own ;  
Then scattered to the purple muir,  
The mountain and the glen,  
Against a mighty empire  
The ban o' twenty men !



On wild Airs Moss lay Cameron low,  
Peden slept 'neath the stane,  
Young Renwick from the scaffold high  
Unto his Lord had gane ;  
Broken was Balfour's lippit sword,  
Sair duntit Paton's mail,  
Sair, sair was Mitchell's agony,  
And the torture o' M'Kail ;  
Few saw the signs o' comin' doom,  
The writin' on the wa' ;  
But the false monarch's cup was fu',  
He tottered to his fa' :

Wae to the race that sat enthroned  
Upon a People's pain ;  
Their Lord is God ; his martyred anes  
Cry not—not to Him in vain !

## THE COVENANT SANGS.

GEORGE PAULIN.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered wast, auld Scotland's  
 hills amang,  
 An' listened to the ploughman's lilt, the shepherd's  
 e'enin' sang,  
 An' sadly mused on bygane days—for there's nae sang  
 ava  
 To mind ye o' the brave auld times—the Covenant  
 times awa'.

The braid blue bannet still may cleed the pows in green  
 Glencairn,  
 The laverock wake the mavis yet in howes o' auld  
 Carsphairn ;  
 But waes me for the Covenant psalm, that echoed aince  
 amang  
 The wastlin' hames o' Scotland, mair sweet than mavis'  
 sang.

Aince gaed ye east, or gaed ye wast, on howm or  
 heather braes,  
 In clachan, cot, an' shiel was heard the e'enin' lilt o'  
 praise ;

And i' the calm o' morn and even, the solemn sounds  
o' prayer  
Frae Scotland's hames amang the hills, gaed floatin' up  
the air.

Frae Solway to Dunnottar, frae the Bass to Fenwick  
Moor,  
The Covenant life was bonnie aince, the Covenant faith  
was pure ;  
The flow'rs o' heaven were rife on earth—frae 'neath  
the auld blue bannet,  
Cam' croonin' up King David's psalm, or aiblins  
Erskine's sonnet.

But noo nae mair amang the glens, nae mair amang the  
hills,  
The simple strains o' Covenant times, the muirlan'  
shepherd trills :  
Ye'll wander far afore ye hear the e'enin' psalm ava—  
The bonnie flowers o' Scotland's faith are nearly wed  
awa'.

## THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE wind is cold, the snow falls fast,  
 The night is dark and late,  
 As I lift aloud my voice and cry  
 By the oppressor's gate.  
 There is a voice in every hill,  
 A tongue in every stone ;  
 The greenwood sings a song of joy,  
 Since thou art dead and gone :  
 A poet's voice is in each mouth,  
 And songs of triumph swell,  
 Glad songs that tell the gladsome earth  
 The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,  
 I heard the green earth say :  
 Sweet am I now to beast and bird,  
 Since thou art past away,  
 I hear no more the battle-shout,  
 The martyr's dying moans ;  
 My cottages and cities sing  
 From their foundation stones ;

The carbine and the culverin's mute—  
The death-shot and the yell  
Are twin'd into a shout of joy,  
For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trode thy banner in the dust  
And caused the raven call  
From thy bride-chamber to the owl  
Hatched on thy castle wall ;  
I've made thy minstrel's music dumb,  
And silent now to fame  
Art thou, save when the orphan casts  
His curses on thy name.  
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers  
A long and last farewell :  
There's hope for every sin save thine—  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,  
Where punished spirits wail,  
And ghastly death throws wide her door,  
And hails thee with "All hail !"  
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,  
A voice with hollow tones,  
Such as a spirit's tongue would have  
That spoke through hollow bones :—  
Arise, ye martyred men, and shout  
From earth to howling hell :

He comes, the persecutor comes !  
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

O'er an old battlefield there rushed  
A wind, and with a moan  
The severed limbs all rustling rose  
Even fellow, bone to bone.  
Lo ! there he goes, I heard them cry,  
Like babe in swathing band,  
Who shook the temples of the Lord,  
And passed them 'neath his brand !  
Cursed be the spot where he was born ;  
There let the adders dwell,  
And from his father's hearthstone hiss :  
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

I saw thee growing like a tree—  
Thy green head touched the sky—  
But birds far from thy branches built,  
The wild deer pass'd thee by :  
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,  
Glad summer scorned to grace  
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed  
Beside thy dwelling place.  
The axe has come and hew'd thee down,  
Nor left one shoot to tell  
Where all thy stately glory grew ;  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

An ancient man stands by thy gate,  
His head like thine is gray—  
Gray with the woes of many years—  
Years four-score and a day.  
Five brave and stately sons were his ;  
Two daughters, sweet and rare :  
An old dame, dearer than them all,  
And lands both broad and fair :—  
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,  
And three in battle fell—  
An old man's curse shall cling to thee :  
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

And yet I sigh to think of thee,  
A warrior tried and true,  
As ever spurred a steed, when thick  
The splintering lances flew.  
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,  
And hew thy foes down fast  
When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd ;  
And Gordon stood aghast ;  
And Graham, saved by thy sword, raged fierce  
As one redeem'd from hell.  
I came to curse thee—and I weep :  
So go in peace, Dalzell.

## ANDREW HISLOP.

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

[One of the proscribed Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the laird of Westerhall, a petty tyrant and an apostate. He pulled down the widow's house, left her and her younger children to wander in the fields, and dragged Andrew, a lad of 17, before Claverhouse. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bonnet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with his Bible in his hand. "I can look you in the face," he said; "I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book?" He fell dead, and was buried in the moor. (See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i., chap. 4). The story is found also in Wodrow and the *Cloud of Witnesses*].

ANDREW HISLOP ! shepherd lad,  
 " Martyr " graven on your tomb ;  
 Here you met the brutal Clavers,  
 Here you bore his murderous doom !

Coming from the hill that morn,  
 Doing humble duty well ;  
 Free in step, your honest look,  
 Born of sunlight on the fell.

Here the Eskdale mountains round you,  
 In your ear the murmuring stream ;



Here, 'tis May, the bleating lambs—  
Life but seems a peaceful dream.

With no weapon but the crook  
Your soft helpless flock to guide ;  
Here they shot you, shepherd lad,  
Here you poured your warm heart tide !

“ Ere I pass into the Presence,  
May I make a prayer to God ? ”  
“ Not one word,” said brutal Clavers,  
“ We’ve no time, you wretched clod !

“ Draw your bonnet o’er your eyes,  
That is boon enough for thee.”  
“ I pass to God with open face,  
Whom you will hardly dare to see ! ”

Westerhall and Claverhouse,  
Turn now since the deed is done !  
What care ye for rebel corpse ?  
Let it bleach beneath the sun !

So they left you, martyr brave,  
Left you on the reddened sod ;  
But no raven touched your face ;  
On it lay the peace of God !

On the moor the widow mother  
    Bows to lot of dule and pine ;  
And Westerhall and Claverhouse  
    Have merrily rode back to dine !

## THE COVENANTER'S NIGHT HYMN.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR (DELTA).

## I.

Ho ! plaided watcher of the hill,  
 What of the night ? what of the night ?  
 The winds are low, the woods are still,  
 The countless stars are sparkling bright.  
 From out this heathery moorland glen,  
 By the shy wild-fowl only trode,  
 We raise our hymn, unheard of men,  
 To Thee, an omnipresent God !

## II.

Jehovah ! though no sign appear,  
 Through earth our aimless path to lead,  
 We know, we feel Thee ever near,  
 A present help in time of need—  
 Near, as when, pointing out the way,  
 For ever in Thy people's sight,  
 A pillared wreath of smoke by day,  
 Which turned to fiery flame at night.

## III.

Whence came the summons forth to go ?  
From Thee awoke the warning sound !  
“ Out to your tents, O Israel ! Lo !  
The heathen’s warfare girds thee round.  
Sons of the faithful ! up, away !  
The lamb must of the wolf beware :  
The falcon seeks the dove for prey ;  
The fowler spreads his cunning snare.”

## IV.

Day set in gold ; ’twas peace around ;  
’Twas seeming peace by field and flood.  
We woke, and on our lintels found  
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.  
Lord ! in Thy cause we mocked at fears,  
We scorned the ungodly’s threatening words,  
Beat out our pruning hooks to spears,  
And turned our ploughshares into swords !

## V.

Degenerate Scotland ! days have been  
Thy soil when only freeman trod ;  
When mountain, crag, and valley green,  
Poured forth the loud acclaim to God !  
The fire which liberty imparts,  
Refulgent in each patriot eye,

And graven on a nation's hearts,  
The Word—for which we stand or die !

VI.

Unholy change ! The scorner's chair  
Is now the seat of those who rule ;  
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share  
Of all except the tyrant's tool.  
That faith in which our father's breathed,  
And had their life, for which they died,  
That priceless heirloom they bequeathed  
Their sons—our impious foes deride.

VII.

So we have left our homes behind,  
And we have belted on the sword,  
And we in solemn league have joined,  
Yea ! covenanted with the Lord,  
Never to seek those homes again,  
Never to give the sword its sheath,  
Until our rights of faith remain  
Unfettered as the air we breathe !

VIII.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,  
Begirt about with starry thrones,

Cast from the heaven of heavens Thine eye  
Down on our wives and little ones.  
From hallelujahs surging round,  
Oh ! for a moment turn Thine ear,  
The widow prostrate on the ground,  
The famished orphan's cries to hear !

## IX.

And Thou wilt hear ; it cannot be,  
That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,  
When from their nest they scream to Thee,  
And in due season send them food ;  
It cannot be that Thou wilt weave  
The lily such superb array,  
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave  
Thy children—as if less than they !

## X.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie  
In blackness where they brightly shone ;  
We have no home—the desert sky  
Our covering, earth our couch alone ;  
We have no heritage—deprived  
Of these, we ask not such on earth ;  
Our hearts are sealed ; we seek in heaven  
For heritage, and home, and hearth !

XI.

O Salem, city of the saints,  
And holy men made perfect ! We  
Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint  
Thy glorious golden streets to see ;  
To mark the rapture that inspires  
The ransomed and redeemed by grace ;  
To listen to the seraph's lyres,  
And meet the angels face to face !

XII.

Father in Heaven ! we turn not back,  
Though briers and thorns choke up the path ;  
Rather the tortures of the rack,  
Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.  
Let thunders crash ; let torrents shower ;  
Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea ;  
What is the turmoil of an hour  
To an eternal calm with Thee ?

## THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

BREAK! veil of clouds! Ho! there it shines—the  
     splendid sun of June—  
 Above Drumclog's unploughed morass, an hour before  
     the noon;  
 And gathered on the heather-brae, rough-booted, there  
     they stand—  
 A stout sword girded on each thigh, a Bible in each  
     hand—  
 A handful of heroic men—God's covenanted few—  
 Who dare in face of fire and death to hold their con-  
     science true.  
 And see, each stalwart form is bowed, each honest brow  
     is bare,  
 While, soft as dew, falls on each ear the preacher's voice  
     of prayer.  
 God bless that reverend head of his! those humbly  
     lifted hands!  
 Fulfilling on the wild hills thus the Master's high com-  
     mands!  
 A boulder stone his Bible-board; the hill pool, deep and  
     clear,



God's cup of sacramental wine, o'erflowing year by  
year ;  
And proudly throbs that parent's heart whose first-born  
gift is laid  
On some bare altar of the glen, by the white linn o'er-  
sprayed.

But list ! the solemn voice of praise uprising through  
the calm—  
Auld Scotland sending up to God her highest faith in  
psalm.  
Ah ! there it swells and shakes the air—a hymn of holy  
words,  
Mixed with the music of the winds, the wild cries of the  
birds.  
No consecrations need they there—no mummeries of  
Rome—  
The pillared rocks their temple vast, the heavens their  
boundless dome.  
The awful silence of the hills lies round them far and  
wide,  
And God they feel is with them there conversing side  
by side.  
They see His templed majesty high set among the hills,  
His organ voice of cataracts the wilds with thunder  
fills,  
And deep within the still ravines they hear the chant of  
streams

Where, all the noon, the antlered stag untroubled  
drinks and dreams.

The Bible, with its grand old forms, and words of  
blessèd power,

Their prayer-book and their psalm-book still an all-  
sufficient dower ;

The heather-brae, the altar floor, receives their kneeling  
knees.

God bless auld Scotland's sturdy breast that suckles  
bairns like these !

The solemn song of praise is o'er, the far-off echo dies,  
And once again the larks are loud within the summer  
skies ;

And now the preacher's lifted voice has stirred the air  
with power,

The gates of heaven are open flung for one ecstatic  
hour ;

Their faith, wild as the hills, takes wing, and men, with  
bearded face,

See white hands reaching down from heaven the pro-  
mised gift of grace.

Then sweetlier blows each heather stalk, with all its  
bells of blue,

And every wind is psalmed with praise, that sweeps the  
breckans through ;

The very hills, whose giant arms enclose them like a dream,  
Transfigured in the light of faith heaven's high-throned altars seem.

But stay ! the signal shot is fired upon the neighbouring height.

Now, veil awhile, thou brilliant sun, thy mockery of light !

Loud on the clear, still air the throb of nearing hoofs is heard,

And Bibles in God's name are kissed, and swords are grasped and bared,

And brief and hurried words of prayer and firm resolve are cast—

The offerings of a simple faith—on the unconscious blast.

Now, lads, put past your Bibles all, the sword must do the rest.

And lo ! God's book is buttoned up within each sturdy breast ;

Steady there, men ; stand fast and sure. Ha ! there the vaunter comes—

Bold Claver'se—with high heavy horse and roll of kettledrums.

Round the far shoulder of the hill they fiercely plough the sod,

Their shining blades athirst to slay the sainted men of  
God ;

Their white plumes lifted on the winds, like sea-foam on  
the blast,

The wreckers of God's children these ! dress up, lads,  
stout and fast !

Ho ! where is Burley—John Balfour ? and Hackstoun  
—where is he ?

Five minutes, lads, and Claver's horse will drench ye  
like a sea.

Ha ! here's Sir Robert, side by side with Cleland. God  
be blessed !

Sir Robert of the eagle eye and high heroic chest.

His voice, clear as a bugle, rings across the marshy fen—

“Dress up along the front line, lads, and stand the  
charge like men.”

So they together closer pressed, and waited for the  
shock,

Rough shoulder to rough shoulder laid—a bouldered  
front of rock.

The God of Judah's land, they sang, and strong men  
wildly wept,

And brows grew dark, and eyes flashed fire, and heart  
to heart out-leapt.

They minded, too, of that fair youth—the shepherd lad  
who dared,

In faith, the mighty Philistine ; and how the youth was  
spared.

Of Pharaoh's host, too, 'whelmed and sunk beneath the  
red sea wave ;  
And crouching there, they felt that God was mighty  
still to save.

Then, all the bairns and feeble folks went backwards  
up the brae,  
While down the hill-side strode the men a half-a-mile  
away.  
Before them all is loud with stir ; behind, the mountain  
airs  
Are murmurous with the greet of bairns, and throb of  
mothers' prayers.

But where's Sir Robert ? here he comes with Hackstoun  
on his right—  
“Fire, lads!” they drove their slugs like hail, and  
many a steed ran light.  
Ay, horse and man—together rolled—lay plunging in  
the bog ;  
“Noo, loup the ditches!” Burley cried, “and gi'e the  
loons a shog.”  
At once they lightly leapt the heath, and o'er the wet  
ground broke,  
And caps and plumes together went, and drove like  
drifts of smoke ;  
Above them on their plunging steeds the troopers  
fiercely hung,

And wildly round their bonnets blue the long blades  
flashed and rung ;

And pistol shots, and damning oaths, and maddened  
shrieks of prayer,

Rose from the fighting mass of men and rung the  
shaken air.

As when the sea is white with storms, and all the  
sounding shore

Is moaning with the lash of waves, so rose and fell the  
roar.

See, yonder's bloody Claver'se. Press on, and close  
him round,

His staggering steed is pouring out its life-blood on the  
ground.

God send him meeting with our chief, Sir Robert, bold  
and big,

Or John Balfour o' Burleigh, lads—it's he could dress  
his wig.

Aim well, and shoot the hireling down—the minion of  
King James,

The last, and worst, and bloodiest of all the titled  
Grahames.

Flash, flash ! two shots and twenty more are hurtled at  
his breast.

It's useless ; fight him hand o'er hand, the cold steel  
tells the best.

Have at him, lads, the titled wretch ! let life for life be  
paid,

Praise Heaven ! if only stout Balfour might meet him  
blade to blade.

Thrice Hackstoun's arm, with ringing sword, hung  
wildly on his track,

And thrice the plumed dragoons closed round and bore  
the brave man back.

And Hall o' Haughead, bless his heart, and manly  
strength of arm,

The line of horse he shivered twice and wrought the foe  
alarm.

Press on ! press on ! the fierce dragoons fight round  
him wild and well,

In Christ's name drive the hireling band o'er morass,  
flood, and fell.

Ycn's he ! yon's he ! great Claver'se ! He of the long  
white plume,

In God's name clear a passage, lads ; give Burley fight-  
ing room.

Thank Heaven ! he's on his track at last ! he nears  
him, bound on bound,

Strike ! Claver'se's gallant steed is down, his rider  
bites the ground.

Upon him, Burley, hip and thigh ; strike at him fast  
and sure,

And have the deed in marble told whilst Scotland's hills  
endure :

But, swift as light, the fierce dragoons close round him  
ring on ring,



And safe from Burley's sweeping steel their horseless  
captain bring ;  
Together, lads, together press ; have at them, stroke  
on stroke,  
The might of Burley's arm this day hath saved the  
Lord's ain flock ;  
Upon them with the lifted pikes, and drive them down  
the brae,  
For Christ and Scotland's Covenant we wet our swords  
this day.

And thus the fight went wild and well, and then, thank  
God ! at last  
Across the moor the broken horse went flying far and  
fast.  
Bold Claver'se, with blood-stained curls, his steed bare-  
headed rides—  
With oath of menace on his lips, he spurs her bleeding  
sides.  
Up Calder height he climbs his way, his troops behind  
him strown,  
Wide scattered, as when o'er the fields the wasted  
leaves are blown.  
And when, by dint of spur and oath, the purple height  
he gains,  
Shame flushing all his handsome brow, his eyes he  
backward strains ;



One damning sight alone is there—Christ's banner,  
broad and white,

A league away floats firm and fair against the glad sun-  
light.

O cruel mockery of arms! the vision stabs his pride,  
A handful of rude men to force his fast retreating ride.

"God! it were better to have fallen upon that barren  
heath,

Than suffer from these peasant hordes dishonour, worse  
than death."

A cloud sits on his helmless brow — "God send  
another day!"

And waving on his scattered horse, he rides hard-paced  
away.

Now praise be to the name of Christ, and God, the  
Lord most high,

Who drove that day, o'er bog and brae, the godless—  
hip and thigh ;

And sweet rest to the valiant souls who broke the front  
of wrong,

Be their's the fadeless crown of life and shining fame of  
song.

## SONNET.

ROBERT HOGG.

Written on leaving a meeting at which a young Scots *clergyman* was delivering an eulogy of Claverhouse, in the which he denounced the Covenanters as ignorant fanatics, etc.

YES ! justify the tyrant's every deed  
 Of infamy and shame. Gloss o'er his flaws  
 And excesses. Nay, rain on them applause !  
 Approve entire his heartless, cruel creed,  
 And sneer at those he crushed as some vile weed  
 Beneath his horse's hoof upon the grass ;  
 Defame those sufferers in the noblest cause  
 That e'er inspired our countrymen to bleed.

Land flowered with martyrs ! hath it come to this,  
 Thy sons should meekly sit and list the while  
 A pervert base, with blighting breath, doth hiss  
 That hero-band—their memory revile  
 Who “unto death” stood for those liberties  
 Which—praise be theirs !—still on our country smile.

THE DEATH OF ARCHIBALD, FIRST MAR-  
QUIS OF ARGYLE.

*(Who was Executed at the Cross of Edinburgh in May,  
1661).*

JAMES DODDS.\*

FROM Mull to Cantire a low wailing is heard,  
And the banks of the Aray lament for their lord ;  
For the pine which so long hath withstood every blast,  
From the top of the mountains down headlong is cast.  
The name of Argyle, which was first in the land,  
Is a skiff dashed to pieces on Jura's rough strand.

As a prisoner he stands where he once sat a peer,  
And the lowest to fawn are the loudest to jeer ;  
And there scowl in fury his deadliest foes,  
And the whisper goes round them, " Remember Montrose."

But so false are the charges, the slanders so base,  
That back on their authors they roll with disgrace ;

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\* For this and other productions of James Dodds contained in *The Harp of the Scottish Covenant*, acknowledgements are due to Messrs. John MacLaren & Son, publishers of *Lays of the Covenanters*.

His judges, tho' void of compassion or shame,  
Can fasten no treasonous blot on his name :  
In discomfited rage for a moment they pause,  
Like a hawk when the prey hath escaped from his claws.

But who at the portal knocks loudly and fast ?  
'Tis a herald from Court, let his message be passed.  
All eyes are enkindled, "'Tis a pardon !" Ah, no !  
From a source so polluted no mercy could flow.  
'Tis a casket of letters which Monk hath betrayed,  
As the price for his basely won coronet paid,  
The pent-up dissembler, the heart-rotten knave,  
With a warrior's plume, but the soul of a slave.

May his name stand for aye a reproach and a scorn !  
May gem and green leaf from his forehead be torn !  
In their curses let minstrel and annalist join,  
They, the champions of honour, and vowed to her  
shrine.  
Be the faults of the dead in their dark house concealed ;  
But baseness like this even death cannot shield,  
That the living may learn, and may shrink from such  
crime  
When they hear the deep curse of the far after-time.

Thus the handle is given, no matter how weak,  
It serves them their long-boarded vengeance to wreak ;

Then peal, ye hoarse trumpets ! the traitor proclaim,  
Argyle be attainted in honours and name.  
His doom is pronounced with an ill-suppressed joy,  
For the dragon is loosed, and his watchword, "Des-  
troy !"

In meekness he rises, no fear on his cheek,  
And raises his hand with a motion to speak :  
" My sovereign, this hand placed the crown on his  
brow,  
To a crown more exalted he hastens me now.  
In an earthly king's grace ye will grant me no part,  
But the grace of the Lord hath been sealed to my  
heart ;  
When he comes to the judgment, and all eyes shall see,  
No such measure be yours as ye mete unto me !"

He awaits in his dungeon his doom thus decreed,  
Nor doth God cast him off in the hour of his need ;  
In patience he waits, with a conscience at rest,  
And a courage which never till now filled his breast.

Not his the bold heart that leaps up for the fray,  
Nor the fierce daring game that ambition will play,  
Nor the patriot's wild fervour, that bursts like a flood,  
And will ransom his country or perish in blood.  
Yet, if self made him waver or wind on his road,  
If he crept where a bolder would nobly have strode,

If a close worldly spirit was mixed with his zeal,  
Still his ends were his country's, her rights and her  
weal;

Long was he the bulwark, in trouble and woe,  
Her dear-cherished faith to preserve from each foe.  
And now all his frailty and fearfulness fly,  
Serene and composed he prepares him to die;  
For they who are true, though in weakness and fear,  
New strengthenings shall find as new struggles appear :  
And Argyle, though faint-hearted in prosperous days,  
Now looks upon death with a hero's firm gaze.  
Thus the mist may have hung over mountain and glen,  
And gloominess shrouded the dwellings of men,  
Yet the sun ere he sets through the gray clouds may  
soar,  
And sink in soft lustre behind Bein-an-or !

On the morning of blood all his friends gather round,  
But his hopes ever brighter, his comforts abound ;  
And his foes shrink abashed, who came thither to smile  
O'er the last abject looks of the fallen Argyle.  
No ! calm as a martyr, not cowed like a thrall,  
He falls as a prince of the people should fall !

“ I could die like a Roman, but rather will die  
As a Christian, whose charter is sealed in the sky.  
My doom may seem stern, but the time will soon show  
That soundest they sleep who are sleeping below.

To sin or to suffer shall soon be your choice,  
And the elect shall weep, but the world shall rejoice ;  
The pang of a moment shall blow me ashore,  
Where they sin not, nor suffer, nor grieve any more !”

The death-blow is struck, and the bloody head down,  
As a trophy to hang on the newly-raised throne ;  
And the poor mangled corse, in its red currents dyed,  
By a few faithful clansmen is borne o’er the Clyde :  
In the vaults of Kilmun they have laid him to rest,  
Where Loch Holy bemoans to the hills of the west.

Ah ! the furnace is heated, and fierce is the flame,  
And peer, priest, and peasant, must pass through the  
same,

Till Scotland be seven times tried like the gold,  
And return to her faith and her love as of old ;  
Then on her long night shall arise a bright day,  
And the sign, when a standard shall float in Torbay !



## MISTRESS ELIZABETH WELCH.

JEANIE MORISON.

THE king he wons at Hampton Courte,  
 Whar Thames flaws braid to the sea,  
 The birdies are liltin' their blythe spring sang  
 'Mang the young green leaves on the tree.

In his simmer parlour sits the king,  
 Wi' a muckle tome on his knee ;  
 The sweet, fresh breeze turns ower the page  
 O' "The Laws o' Free Monarchy."

He heeds na its scent, stown frae violet beds,  
 Nor the flichterin' licht an' shade  
 Whar the great elms bend ower the young green grass,  
 And the shy deer steal through the glade.

Wi' finger close followin' its black letter,  
 Connin' his buik sits he,  
 Wi' an angry frown upon his broo,  
 An' craw's-feet about his e'e.



He hears na the door that's turned on its hinge,  
He hears na the page's word,  
But he starts as it shuts, an' claps his han'  
Whar hings at his side his sword.

"Odds wounds !" quoth he, as his eyes he raised,  
"An' wha the deil may be ye ?"  
Afore him there stan's a comely dame  
Drappin' a law curtsie.

"The wife o' Mister John Welch, my liege,  
By leave o' your courtesie,  
Wha prayed for speech wi' the King his grace,  
By my Lord o' Ochiltree."

"Sit ye doon, sit ye doon, guid dame," quoth the King,  
"An' what may your will be wi' me ?"  
"His ain hill-air for a dying man,  
By the grace o' your clemency.

"Mister Welch he has tholed fu' saxteen year  
I' the alien's far countree,  
An' he asks but in his ain Scots' land  
To lay him doon and dee.

"Sma' fushion there's noo in his wasted arm  
To shake it at Prelacy ;

But 'mang kith an' kin his weary banes  
He wad lay, by your clemency."

The frown it cam' back to the King his broo,  
"What odds whar dead men are laid,  
An' whar will you fin' in our grey Scotland  
Ocht like yon bonny glade ?

"Your gudeman may tak' his pleasurin' here  
Frae morn till evensang,  
An' say that he's here by King James his word,  
Gin ony wad speak him wrang."

"The sun it shone fu' fair in France,  
An' bonnily lies Rochelle,  
But his heart it broke for the Castle Rock  
An' auld grey Salisbury Fell,

"An' the cry o' the moorcock frae the moss,  
An' the glint o' the heather bell,  
An' the wind that blaws frae the bauld hill tap  
Whar the gowden eagles dwell.

"The Thames it flaws braid by Hampton Court  
An' its sunny glades fu' fair,  
But he's dyin' o' thirst for ae lang, lang whiff  
O' the Stewartone's caller air."

“Sae Mister John Welch is your man, fair dame,  
An’ wha micht your faither be ?  
My troth but thae preachers they ken fu’ weel  
A comely dame when they see !”

“They ca’ed my faither John Knox,” she said,  
Wi’ a lightenin’ in her e’e,  
“John Knox an’ Welch ! the deil ne’er made  
Sic a match as that,” quo’ he.

“It’s like ye’re richt, sir,” she answered him,  
“For his counsel we didna speir.”  
“An’ hoo mony lads an’ lasses, guid dame,  
Did John Knox, your faither, rear ?”

“He left but three lasses, sae please your grace.”  
“Noo, Guid be thankit therefor !  
For an they had been three lads,” he said,  
“My three kingdoms’ peace were ower.”

“My liege, ye’ll gie by your kingly grace,  
My gudeman his native air ?”  
“Gie him the deil !” quoth the King wi’ a frown.  
She up on her feet then an’ there—

“Gie that to your hungry courtiers, my lord,”  
Quo’ she, an’ wi’ curtsey law

She's turned on her heel to gang her way  
Frae King an' court an' a'.

"Hoot, hoot, gudewife, sit ye doon, sit ye doon,  
'Twas nocht but a foolin' saw ;  
Gin the bishops to heed ye can win your gudeman,  
He may aft to the Stewartone or daw'!"

She turned her an' up wi' her apron then,  
Wi' a flash in her e'en sae clear,  
"My lord, or ever I speak that word  
I'll kep his dead head here."

She has left King Jamie at Hampton Court,  
An' hame to her gudeman gaes she ;  
The King he stan's fidgin' an' fidgettin' sair,  
Ower "The Laws o' Free Monarchy."

He fechts an' he fidgets amang the leaves,  
An' syne for his page ca's he,  
"Gae fetch me yon prood carline's cousin," he said,  
"My Lord o' Ochiltree."

"Gin Welch be a dyin' man this day,  
We maun gie him the tae half his will ;  
Gae tell your cousin, my lord," he said,  
"He may preach till he's preached his fill."

The licht it flashed up i' the dimmin' e'e  
When Welch heard the King his word,  
An' he's dragged his senseless limbs ance mair  
I' the pulpit to speak for his Lord.

Richt lang an' earnestly he's tauld  
His message frae the King ;  
An' syne he's shut his chamber's door,  
An' his life's reckoning.

She's laid him in the green, green mould,  
Far frae baith kith an' kin,  
But a goodlier than his ain Scots' land  
Has opened an' let him in.

# LINES ON AN OLD COMMUNION CUP.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.  
(*"Surfaceman."*)

I LIFT this old communion cup,  
And lo ! what visions gather up,  
Like white clouds in a summer day  
When all the winds have fled away !

For I can deem its sacred rim  
May have been touched by Balfour grim ;  
Or Peden, in whose fitful eye  
Rose up the light of Prophecy ;  
Or Cameron, ere the heather knew  
On wild Airmoss a darker hue ;  
Or Renwick, in the dew of youth,  
Before he gave his life for Truth.

I see, far out among the hills,  
Whose voices are the lonely rills,  
The bleat of sheep, the curlew's cry,  
The wail of winds that wander by,  
I see a band of earnest men  
For whom Truth waves her torch again

To draw them onward with its fire,  
To dare to struggle and aspire.  
The simple faith to worship God  
In the old ways their fathers trod  
Has brought them there ; and now they stand,  
As outlaws in their native land,  
To claim that right ; and Nature there  
Joins in the spirit of their prayer.

I mark their faces, stern and keen,  
And eyes that flash forth what they mean.  
A sword is in each strong right hand,  
Ready to leap forth at command.  
A Bible in the left—the crown  
For which they fight—and eyebrows down  
In that stern will which cannot bend,  
But dares and suffers to the end.

I look again, and maidens there  
Bloom forth like summer sweet and fair,  
Beside their lovers sit, who know  
That one swift onset of the foe  
Might change the coming bridal wreath  
To cypress and the leaves of death.  
And sober matrons, in whose eyes  
Fear, with its troubled shadow, lies,  
For husbands, sons, whose blood ere night  
May dye the bracken with its blight.

Hush ! upward on the moorland calm,  
The wailing pathos of the psalm,  
And far along the bleak, grey hill  
It floats in echoes, then is still.  
Hark to the preacher. Eyes are there,  
And hearts that hang upon the prayer,  
And treasure, as a miser seeks  
To hide his gold, the words he speaks.  
O, sacred task to speak to men  
Who turn and search for truth again ;  
No higher task has yet been given  
Than bearing messages from heaven.

The vision sinks to rise again  
On flashing swords and dying men ;  
Gray heads have fallen low, and eyes  
Stare blindly to the passive skies ;  
The psalm has sunk amid the yell  
Of curses from the mouth of hell.  
The very Bible on the green  
Lies torn and open, and between  
The leaves, where promises are fair,  
Its owner's blood is resting there.

“How long ?” was once the cry of old  
When men rose and were stern and bold :  
How long ? 'Tis not for us to think—  
God knows it—let the vision sink.



So ran my thoughts, that, thronging up,  
At sight of this communion cup,  
Made pictures, till the inward eye  
Saw underneath a lovely sky  
Gray bearded men and matrons trim  
Touch with hush'd lips its holy rim,  
Till, in the spirit, Fancy lent  
To colour all her dream I bent,  
And, part of all the sacred scene,  
Touch'd with my own where theirs had been.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES  
RENWICK.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

WEEP, Scotland, weep ! Thy hills are sad to-day,  
But not with mist or rack that skirs the sky.  
The violent rule ; the godless man holds sway ;  
The young, the pure, the innocent must die !  
Weep, Scotland, weep ! Thy moors are sad to-day,  
Thy plaided people walk with tearful eye.  
For why ? He dies upon a gallows-tree  
Who boldly blew God's trump for Freedom and for  
thee !

'Tis a known tale ; it hath been so of old,  
And will be so again ; yet must we weep !  
High on red thrones the blushless and the bold  
Hold state ; the meek are bound in dungeons deep.  
Wolves watch the pen ; the lion robs the fold,  
While on soft down the hireling shepherds sleep.  
God's holy church becomes a mart where lies  
Pass free from knave to fool, but Christ's true prophet  
dies.

A youth was Renwick, gentle, fair, and fine ;  
In aspect meek, but firm as rock in soul ;  
By pious parents nursed, and holy line,  
To steer by truth, as seamen by the pole.  
In Holland's learned halls the word divine  
He read, which to proclaim he made the whole  
Theme of his life ; then back to Scotland came,  
At danger's call, to preach in blessed Jesus' name.

They watched his coming, and the coast with spies  
Planted to trap him ; but he 'scaped their snare.  
To the brown hills and glens of Kyle he hies,  
And with a steadfast few finds refuge there.  
On the black bogs, and 'neath the inclement skies,  
In rocky caves, on mist-wreathed mountains bare,  
The youthful prophet voiced God's tidings good,  
As free as Baptist John by Jordan's sacred flood.

Fierce fumed the ruthless king. By statute law,  
To sing God's praise upon the purple hill  
Was treason. Courtly slaves with envy saw  
One unbought soul assert a manly will,  
And with his own hands from those fountains draw,  
Which sophists troubled with pretentious skill  
To make them clearer ; as if God's own plan  
For fining human dross must beg a stamp from man !

Wide o'er the moors now tramp the red dragoons,  
To hunt God's plaided saints from every nook ;  
And from a court of bravos and poltroons  
Goes forth the law which takes the blessed Book  
From the free shepherd's hands, that hireling loons  
May spell it to a sense that kings may brook.  
Far raged o'er hill and heath the despot's sword,  
But faithful Renwick preached, and owned no human  
lord.

Bold as when Peter in the temple stood  
With John, and at the gate called Beautiful,  
Healed the lame man ; and stirred the spiteful mood  
Of priest and high-priest, holding haughty rule ;  
Witless ! Who weened that God's apostles should  
With human law and lawyers go to school :  
So boldly Renwick stood ; and undismayed  
With firm, unfaltering faith, God and not man obeyed.

And faithful people loved him. From Green Ayr,  
Nithsdale, Glencairn, Sanquhar, and founts of Ken,  
Free pilgrim feet o'er perilous pathways fare,  
To hear young Renwick preach in treeless glen ;  
And mothers bring their new-born babes, to bear  
Baptismal blessings from his touch ; and when  
Fearless he flings the glowing word abroad,  
Full many a noble soul is winged with fire from God.

Yet must he die ! The fangs of law are keen ;  
False Law, the smooth pretender of the Right,  
That still to knaves a sharp-edged tool hath been,  
To give a fair name to usurping Might !  
By Law round noble Hamilton, I ween,  
The faggot blazed to feed proud Beaton's spite ;  
And now when Scotland's best to please the Pope  
And Romish James, must die—'tis Law that knots the  
rope !

Let loose your hounds, cold-blooded lawyers ! pay  
The knave to trap the saint ! your work is done.  
Young Renwick falls, to venal spies a prey,  
And lawless Law kills Scotland's fairest son.  
The grey Grassmarket heard him preach to-day  
On the red scaffold floor. His race is run.  
Now kings and priests, with brave light-hearted joy,  
May drain their cups, nor fear the bold, truth-speaking  
boy !

Weep ! Scotland, weep ! but only for a day ;  
Frail stands the throne whose props are glued with  
gore ;  
For a short hour the godless man holds sway,  
And Justice whets her knife at Murder's door.  
Weep, Scotland ! but let noble pride this day  
Beam through thine eye with sorrow streaming o'er ;  
For why ? Thy Renwick's dead, whose noble crime  
Gave Freedom's trumpet breath, an hour before the time.

## THE SONG OF JENNY GEDDES.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SOME praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good  
 Queen Bess,  
 And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles ;  
 But o'er the world's brave women, there's one that bears  
 the rule,  
 The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the three-legged  
 stool.

*With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny flung the stool.*

'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-  
 seven,  
 On the Sabbath morn from high St. Giles the solemn  
 peal was given ;  
 King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray  
 by printed rule ;  
 He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a  
 stool.

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow—there's danger in a stool !*

The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,  
The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,  
Fair silken-vested ladies, grave doctors of the school,  
Were there to please the King, and learn the virtues of  
a stool.

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow !—there's virtue in a stool !*

The Bishop and the Dean came in wi' muckle gravity,  
Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking  
in their e'e ;

Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in  
briny pool ;

They bore a book, but little thought they soon should  
feel a stool.

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow ! they'll feel a three-legged  
stool !*

The Dean he to the altar went, and, with a solemn look,  
He cast his eyes to heaven, and read the curious-printed  
book :

In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish  
full ;

Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the  
stool !

*With a row-dow !—at them now !—firmly grasped the stool !*



As when a mountain wild-cat springs upon a rabbit  
small,

So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gall ;  
*Wilt thou say mass at my lugs, thou popish-puling fool ?*

No ! no ! she said, and at his head she flung the three-  
legged stool.

*With a row dow—at them now !—Jenny fling the stool !*

A bumb, a thump ! a smash, a crash ! now gentle folks  
beware !

Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through  
the air,

With, well done, Jenny ! bravo, Jenny ! that's the pro-  
per tool !

When the Deil will out, and shows his snout, just meet  
him with a stool !

*With a row-dow—at them now !—there's nothing like a stool !*

The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange  
fear,

The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,  
The Bishop and the Dean went in sorrow and in dool,  
And all the Popish flummery fled when Jenny showed  
the stool !

*With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny show the stool !*



And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny's valiant  
hand,

Black Prelacy and Popery she drove from Scottish land ;  
King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a  
meddling fool,

But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a  
stool !

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow !—she conquered by a stool !*

## THE MARTYRS OF WIGTON.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

AY ! bonnie hills of Galloway ! the clouds above ye  
     driven  
 Make pleasant shadows in your depths, with glints and  
     gleams of heaven ;  
 And ye have fairy, hidden lakes, deep in your secret  
     breast,  
 Which shine out suddenly like stars, as the sunbeams  
     go to rest ;  
 And ye have dells, and greenwood nooks, and little  
     valleys still,  
 Where the wild bee bows the harebell down, beside the  
     mountain rill ;  
 And over all, gray Cairnsmore glooms, a monarch stern  
     and lone,  
 Though the heather climbs his barrenness, and purples  
     half his throne !

O bonnie hills of Galloway ! oft have I stood to see,  
 At sunset hour, your shadows fall, all darkening on the  
     sea ;

While visions of the buried years came o'er me in their  
    might,  
As phantoms of the sepulchre, instinct with inward  
    light !  
The years, the years, when Scotland groaned beneath  
    her tyrant's hand,  
And it was not for the heather, she was called "the  
    purple land ;"  
And it was not for their loveliness, her children blessed  
    their God  
For the secret places of the hills, and the mountain  
    heights untrod.

Oh ! as a rock, those memories still breast time's  
    surging flood ;  
Her more than twice ten torture years of agony and  
    blood !  
A lurid beacon light, they gleam upon her pathway now ;  
They sign her with the Saviour's seal—His cross upon  
    her brow !  
And never may the land whose flowers spring fresh  
    from martyr graves,  
A moment's parley hold with Rome, her mimics, or her  
    slaves ;  
A moment palter with the chains, whose scars are on  
    her yet.  
Earth must give up the dead again, ere Scotland can  
    forget !

—A grave, a grave is by the sea, in a place of ancient  
tombs ;

A restless murmuring of waves for ever o'er it comes ;

A pleasant sound in summer tide—a requiem low and  
clear ;

But oh ! when storms are on the hill, it hath a voice of  
fear !

So rank and high the tomb weeds wave around that  
humble stone,

Ye scarce may trace the legend rude, with lichen half  
o'ergrown.

But ask the seven years' child that sits beside the  
broken wall ;

He will not need to spell it o'er—his heart hath stored  
it all !

A peasant's tale—a humble grave ; two names on earth  
unknown ;

But Jesus bears them on His heart before the eternal  
throne !

And kings, and heroes, yet shall come, to wish their lot  
were bound

With those poor women slumbering beneath the wave-  
girt ground !

The earth keeps many a memory of blood as water  
poured ;

The peasant summoned at his toil, to own and meet his  
Lord ;

The secret hungering in the hills, where none but God  
might see—

Ay ! Earth had many martyrs, but these were of the  
sea !

“The redcoats, lass! the redcoats!” cry the weans from  
off the street,

Who knows but Claver’s e’ evil eye, may blast them if  
they meet ?

Nay ! only Bruce and Windman come ! but, oh ! wae  
worth the way ;

They have gotten Gilbert Wilson’s bairns in their cruel  
hands to-day !

See Annie ! bonnie Annie ! oh, but she is wasted sore  
With weary wandering in the hills this seven month  
and more ;

And Margaret, with her bleeding feet and weather-  
stained brow—

But surely One alone could breathe the calm upon it  
now !

—She recks not of the jibing words those ruthless  
soldiers speak ;

She recks not of her bleeding feet, her frame so worn  
and weak ;

She sees not even the pitying looks that follow as she  
goes ;

Her soul is filled so full with prayer that God alone she knows !

Long hath she looked for such a day with awe and shuddering dread ;

Its terror in the night hath fallen, haunting her cavern bed ;

And she hath prayed in agony that, if he might not spare,

Jesus would bear her charges then—and He hath heard her prayer !

They have brought her to their judgment-hall, a narrow prison-room ;

And once she looked up, as they crossed, from sunlight into gloom ;

And a sound of bitter weeping close beside her now she hears,

And she wished her hands unshackled, just to dry her mother's tears !

They have questioned of her wanderings ; they have mocked her with their words ;

They have asked her if the Covenant could shield her from their swords,

Or if she sought a miracle to test her call the more,

That she ventured to her father's home—right past the curate's door !

They questioned her with cruel taunts, and waited for  
reply.

She met her father's look of woe, her mother's stream-  
ing eye,

A moment quivered all her frame, strange gaspings  
choked her breath,

Then fell the words forth, one by one, as from the lips  
of death :

“The blink of our own ingle, it came glancing o'er the  
tide,

And we were wet and weary both upon the mountain  
side.

My very heart grew sick within my father's face to see,  
And Annie yearned to rest her head upon my mother's  
knee !

“O men ! but they are bitter tears ye cause the house-  
less weep,

With haunting thoughts of food and fire that will not  
let them sleep ;

And temptings of home words and ways, even whisper-  
ing as they pray,

Until Another takes the load, once tempted even as  
they !”

There was a murmur through the crowd—first hope,  
and then despair,

For in the scoffing laugh of Bruce was that that could  
not spare :

“O lass ! ye should have ta’en the bay e’er there was  
light to see !”

She answered to that pitying voice—“I dared na for  
the sea !”

Alas ! it is a little stroke draws from the flint the fire,  
And but a little spark may light the martyr’s funeral  
pyre ;

And in the hearts of evil men such mischiefs smoulder-  
ing herd,

That cruel thought, to cruel deed, may kindle as a word !  
“Ho ! Ho ! the sea ! the raging sea ! and can it tame  
your pride ?

My sooth ! we’ll frame a Covenant with the advancing  
tide.

To-morrow, when the dawn is chill, in Blednoch Bay  
we’ll see

What mild persuasion harbours in the cold kiss of the  
sea !”

A man is stricken to the earth by that strange voice of  
doom ;

The mother pleads not—knows not—all is blackness in  
the room ;

As if smit with sudden blindness she goes groping from  
the door,

And they hinder her to follow who shall see her face no  
more !



But the father ! O the father ! 'twas a timid man and  
weak,  
Complying still with every time, he had his faith to seek ;  
And now, within his heart and brain, a dreadful sound  
he hears,  
A sound of rushing waters—but they find no vent in  
in tears !

God help him ! He hath need of prayer, and knows not  
how to pray ;  
He gasps out vain appeals to men, who scoff and turn  
away ;  
Madly he grovels in the dust, in desperate anguish now,  
Until he feels his Margaret's kiss, like dew upon his  
brow :  
“God help thee, father ! O this sight is pitiful to see !  
Canst thou not give thy child for Him, who gave his  
Son for thee ?  
Trust me, dear father, He is near His promises to fulfil,  
In passing through the waters He will be beside us still !”

—It is the solemn evening hour, the seal of that sad day,  
And the rich purple of the hills is blending all to gray ;  
And from the cloud thrones of the west the last bright  
gleam hath fled,  
And the moon riseth, white and wan, as a watcher o'er  
the dead !

—Sits Gilbert Wilson by his hearth, one child beside  
his knee ;  
O cheaply ransomed with his all ! a ruined man is he ;  
For his poor life, and those poor hoards, the Cross he  
dared to shun,  
All proffered now for his *two* bairns, and they have  
bought him *one* !

He sits beside his blackened hearth, unconscious of its  
gloom ;  
A chill hath gathered at his heart that mocks at that  
cold room.  
There is no food upon the board, no kindled rush to  
guide  
The gudewife at her nightly task of spinning by his side ;  
And saving that at times his hand, as if to prove her  
there,  
Strays in the darkness, trembling, amid his Annie's hair,  
And saving that the mother's moan at times will make  
him start,  
Ye might have deemed the mighty grief had burst the  
feeble heart !

O ! prison bars are stark and strong to shut out light  
and air,  
And yet the moonlight's sympathy—it stealeth even  
there,

A glory on the dungeon floor as on the free green sod,  
A voiceless messenger of peace to souls at peace with  
God !

And Margaret sitteth in its beam, its radiance on her  
brow,

As though the crown she soon shall wear was brighten-  
ing o'er her now ;

With folded hands upon her knee, and half-suspended  
breath,

Listening to one who shares her cell and soon must  
share her death !

A solemn place, a solemn time for parted friends to  
meet,

Yet in their same extremity their communing is sweet ;  
And while in prayer and praise fleet by the watches of  
the night,

Faith, like the moonbeam, enters in and floods the  
grave with light !

Oh ! youth and age, contrasted well, in mutual help ye  
blend,

*This* tells of the unchanging God—*that* of the Saviour  
friend ;

One tramples life's new springing flowers for her Re-  
deemer's sake,

The other stays her age on Him who never can forsake !

Long had they loved, as Christians love—those two so  
soon to die,  
And each the other greeted first, with weeping, silently.  
The matron wept that that young life so timelessly  
must cease,  
The maiden that that honoured head must not go down  
in peace ;  
But soon, oh, soon, it passed away, the coward thought  
and base,  
And each looked humbly, thankfully, into the other's  
face :  
“ Mother ! He rules the awful sea with all its waters  
wild ”—  
“ The many waters are His voice of love to thee, my  
child ! ”

—The guards are met ; the stakes are set—deep, deep  
within the sand ;  
One far toward the advancing tide, one nearer to the  
land ;  
And all along the narrow shore that girdles in the bay,  
Small groups of anxious watchers come, as wane the  
stars away !  
Low lie the fog clouds on the hills, blank in their cur-  
tained screen ;  
Each crest of beauty veils its brow from that abhorred  
scene ;

While eastward far, the straining eye, through mist and  
gloom, may see  
Large raindrops plashing heavily into a dull, sad sea !

—They come—they come—a distant sound !—a mea-  
sured marching, soon  
On mail-clad men the dew drops rain from off thy  
woods, Baldoon !  
The trodden grass, the trampled flowers—alas ! poor  
emblems they,  
Of all a despot's iron heel was crushing down that day.  
They shall revive ! the harebell, see—uprears its crest  
again ;  
The falling dew hath cleansed anew its purity from  
stain ;  
And thus beneath the oppressor's tread, and hell's  
opposing powers,  
God's truth throughout the land shall spring—a sudden  
growth of flowers !

Ah ! little Margaret's playmates deemed, in childhood's  
frolic glee,  
What shadow of a coming hour still scared her at the  
sea ;  
The work is done ! the strife is won ! the conflict  
passed away ;

Rule o'er these wrecks of human kind ! and triumph if  
ye may !

High hearts once beat beneath the vest a Scottish  
peasant wears.

Go ! seek them in their martyr graves ! for these are  
not their heirs !

Only a seed the mountains keep, till God's good time  
shall come,

And the harvest, sown in blood and tears, be brought  
with shoutings home !

A sound—it cometh from the sea ! and many a cheek is  
pale ;

A freshening wind—and fast behind, that hurrying  
voice of wail :

“Beshrew my heart !” cries Windram now ; “haste,  
comrades, while ye may !

With Solway speed, I red your heed, the tide comes in  
to-day.

Now, mother, to the stake amain ! your praying time  
is past ;

Or pray the breakers, if ye will, they race not in so  
fast !”

Her grey hairs streaming on the wind, they bear her to  
the bay,

While nearer roars the hungry sea that ravens for its  
prey !

And Margaret stands, with cold clasped hands, that  
bitter sight to see ;  
And now toward her own death-place they guide her  
silently ;  
A sudden impulse swayed the crowd, as those young  
limbs were bound ;  
A moment's movement stilled as soon ; a shiver through  
a wound !  
And they have left her all alone with that strong sea  
before,  
A prayer of faith's extremity faint mingling with its  
roar ;  
And on the eyes that cannot close, those grey hairs  
streaming still ;  
While round about, with hideous rout, the wild waves  
work their will !

“Ho ! maiden ! ho ! what see'st thou there ?” ’Tis  
Windram's brutal voice :

“Methinks an early portion now were scarce beneath  
thy choice !

Yon sea-birds, screaming in their glee, how low they  
swoop to-day !

Now tell us, lass ! what dainty cheer allures them in  
the bay ?”

A change hath passed on that young brow—a glow, a  
light from heaven ;



Above the sea, the lowering sky to her seems glory  
riven :

“It is my Saviour wrestling there in those poor limbs  
I see ;

He who is strength in death to her hath strength in  
death for me !”

And sudden, from those parted lips, rich tones of  
triumph come.

Her fear is past ; she stands, at last, superior to her  
doom !

And strains, in midnight watchings learned, on many a  
blasted heath,

Swell slowly, solemnly, to heaven—the anthem of her  
death ;

Strange sweetness vibrates on the gale. It rises o’er  
the sea

As though an angel choir prolonged that thrilling har-  
mony !

And still the song of faith and praise swells louder,  
clearer yet,

While to her feet the foam wreaths curl, and the dry  
sand grows wet !

—A yell ! it echoes from the hills ! it pealeth to the  
sky !

Startling wild creatures of the woods with its wild  
agony ;



And bounding on from rock to rock, with gaunt arms  
tossed to heaven,  
And maniac gestures, scaring still the crowd before him  
driven,  
A haggard man hath gained the bay, with blood-shot  
eyes and wild ;  
And cast him down at Windram's feet, and shrieked,  
" My child ! my child !"  
Poor Margaret heard, as died her song, in one convul-  
sive gasp,  
And the rushing waters bound her in the terror of their  
clasp ?

" My child ! my child ! she shall not die—I've gold,  
I've gold," he cried ;  
" I found one heart that pitied me, though all were  
stone beside.  
Ye said that for a hundred pounds, the oaths ye'd  
proffer still—  
Spare the young life ! she'll take your tests ! I know,  
I know she will !"  
Dark Windram glanced upon the gold ; he glanced  
upon the sea :  
" Laggard, thou comest late," he said ; " she might have  
lived for me !"

But two strong swimmers at the word plunge headlong  
in the wave ;

They reach the stake—the cords they break—not, not  
too late to save !

And women throng to chafe her hands and raise her  
drooping head,

Dropping warm tears on the cold brow, so calm, so like  
the dead,

While that poor father, crouching near, creeps shudder-  
ing to her feet,

And steals his hand up to her heart to count its earliest  
beat !

Just then, athwart two glooming clouds the morning  
sun made way,

Lighting a glory on the wave, a sunbow in the spray ;

And up the hills the mist wreaths rolled, revealing half  
their frame,

And Margaret in the gleam awoke and breathed her  
Saviour's name !

Dark Windram turned him on his heel ; he paced apart  
awhile :

“ Oh for the heart of Claver'se now—to do this work  
and smile !

Come, girl, be ruled ! thou'st proved enough, methinks,  
yon bitter brine ;

We'll find the partans fitter food than these young  
limbs of thine !

Hold off, and let me near to her ! beshrew this  
snivelling ring.

Ho, lass ! stand up upon thy feet, and pray, ' God save  
the king ! ' ”

“ To die unsaved were horrible,” she said, with low, sad  
voice ;

“ Oh yes ! God save him if he will ! the angels would  
rejoice ! ”

Then up he sprang, that trembling man, low cowering  
at her feet :

“ 'Tis said—'tis said—my blessed bairn ! those words of  
life repeat ! ”

And Windram signalled with his hand, and rose a shout  
on high ;

Strange blessings on the tyrant's head !—but ere it  
reached the sky,

A miscreant foul hath stopped its course, and baulked  
the echoes near ;

They could not catch a sound that died like curses on  
the ear !

A spare, mean man, with shuffling gait, hath pressed  
before the rest :

“ 'Tis well to pray ' God save the King ; ' but will she  
take the Test ? ”

And Windram looked into his face and cursed his civil  
sneer,

He knew him for the tool of Grahame—his spy, and  
creature there ;

A curate's brother creeping up, in those ill times, to  
place ;

Trained in apostasy from God to all things vile and  
base !

" Well ! well ! Sir Provost, work your will ; this gear  
is to your mind.

For me, I'd rather fight with men, than choke this  
woman kind ;

Bid her abjure the Covenant—none better knows the  
how !

There's scarce an oath on either side but you have  
gulped ere now ! "

Smooth smiling stood the provost forth ; no chaffing  
stirred his blood,

Something he muttered of " King James," " the law,"  
and " public good ; "

And then, as angry brows grew dark, and women  
muttered loud,

He shrank towards the soldiery, as though he feared  
the crowd !

" Dear Margaret, baulk this bloodhound yet ! O spare  
thy father's woe ! "

She started from their clasping arms—"I may not!—  
let me go!

I am the child of Christ," she said; "Lord! break this  
snare for me!"

And Windram turned his face aside, and pointed to the  
sea!

—They will not cease, they will not sleep—those voices  
of the wave,

For ever, ever whispering, above the martyr's grave;  
'Tis heard at night, 'tis heard at noon—the same low  
wailing song,

In murmur loud, in cadence low—"How long, O Lord,  
how long!"

A cry against thee from the tide! O tyrant, banned of  
Heaven!

It meets the blood-voice of the earth, and answer shall  
be given!

A little while—the cup fills fast, it overflows for thee,  
And thine extremity shall prove the vengeance of the  
sea!

Ay! gnash thy teeth in impotence! the fated hour is  
come,

And ocean, with her strength of waves, bears the  
avenger home;

See! eager thousands throng the shore to hail the  
    advancing fleet,  
While baffled Dartmouth vainly strives the heaven-sent  
    foe to meet ;  
And post on hurrying post crowds fast, with tidings of  
    dismay  
How the glassed waters lull to aid the landing of  
    Torbay.  
Away! prepare thy coward flight ; thy sceptre scourge  
    cast down,  
The sea pursues thee with its curse, thou king without  
    a crown !

## CAMERON'S GRAVE IN AIRSMOSS.

ROBERT REID.

LIKE a sweet incense rising to the Lord  
From this lone altar in the muirlands gray,  
The hallow'd memories of a bygone day  
Hang over Airmoss : here the tyrant's sword  
Made brave men martyrs, and their graves a shrine ;  
And here the lips of those who that day bled  
(Staining the heather to a deeper red)  
Bore testimony to their faith divine.  
Revere them, Scotland ! Cherish, and revere !  
Base is that son of thine who shuts his eyes  
To the pure merit of that sacrifice ;  
Ill he deserves the freedom purchased here—  
For to this spot our country's glance should turn  
As proudly as to glorious Bannockburn !

“BOTHWELL BRIG.”

On hearing an impressive sermon delivered (Sabbath, June 10th, 1866) on the place where the Battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought, commemorative of that event.

JANET HAMILTON.

O, BONNY Clyde ! a shimmering gleam  
 Oot owre thy rippling bosom plays,  
 When frae the bright blue sky o' June  
 The sun leuks down on simmer days.

But ne'er did glancin' sunbeams glint,  
 An' owre thy dancin' waters play  
 Mair bricht, than whan to “Bothwell Brig”  
 We teuk the road ae Sabbath day.

An' ne'er owre “Bothwell banks sae fair,”  
 Sae aft by Scottish minstrels sung,  
 Were wafted higher, holier strains,  
 Till bank an' brae wi' echoes rung.

Auld Scotland's stout an' stalwart sons,  
 An' bonnie lasses gather'd there,



An' mithers douce, wi' restless bairns,  
Auld men an' wives wi' siller hair.

An' een grew dim, and hearts were fu',  
As owre the vera grun' they trod,  
Whaur their forbears, for conscience sake,  
Had pour'd their life-bluid on the sod.

My granny's gutcher bare a sword  
At Bothwell Brig that dolefu' day,  
An' ne'er had left the bluidy fiel'  
But for his guid an' gallant grey.

She swam wi' him across the Clyde,  
An' bare him to his ain door stane.  
Lang after that he hidin' lay  
Till he was hunted oot an' ta'en.

For Christ, His croun an' covenant, he  
Laid doon his life in Embro' toon,  
An' frae the scaffold rose to wear  
The victor's palm, the martyr's croon.

Noo, God be prais'd, sic times are gane ;  
Let Scots be Scots—they'll ne'er return ;  
Nor king nor priest again ha'e power,  
Gude men, an' true, to hang an' burn.

An' noo, frae a' the airts that blaw,  
By thoosan's folk cam' thrangin' in,  
An' roun' an' roun' they sat them down,  
Until the holy wark begin.

They raised the Psalm, it swell'd, it thrill'd,  
It mounted to the gates o' heaven,  
An' ne'er mair sweet, mair solemn joy,  
By singin' o' the Psalms was given.

Wi' pleadin' voice, an' words o' power,  
The preacher poured his soul in prayer—  
Prayed that the martyrs' covenant God  
Wad bless them wi' His presence there.

An' O ! what witnesses unseen  
May us that day ha'e compass'd round,  
Wha loved their lives not to the death,  
An' noo wi' Christ in glory crown'd.

An' bless'd be God, we noo can sit  
Beneath oor vine and fig tree shade—  
May raise the Psalm, an' preach an' pray,  
Nane daurin' to mak' us afraid.

Wha, noo, frae aff his ain hearth-stane,  
Will drag the husband an' the faither,

Syne leave him to his wife an' bairns,  
A bluidy corpse upon the heather ?

Nae dark Dalzell, nae Claver'se stern,  
Ride forth wi' sword an' bridle ringin',  
Oor sufferin' covenanted sires  
To prison an' the scaffold bringin'.

The memories o' her martyred dead  
May Scotland dearly cherish ever ;  
They sowed the seed, we reap the grain—  
Their names, their deeds, shall perish never.

## THE PENTLAND HILLS.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE pilgrims feet here oft will tread  
 O'er this sequest' red scene,  
 To mark whare Scotland's martyrs lie  
 In lonely Rullion Green,—  
 To muse o'er those who fought an' fell—  
 All Presbyterians true—  
 Who held the League and Covenant,  
 Who waved the banner blue !

Like partridge to the mountain driven,  
 Oh ! lang and sairly tried !  
 Their cause they deemed the cause o' Heaven,  
 For that they liv'd and died !  
 Together here they met and prayed—  
 Ah ! ne'er to meet again ;  
 Their windin' sheet the bluidy plaid,  
 Their grave lone Rullion Green.

Ah ! here they sang the holy strain,  
 Sweet Martyrs' melodie ;  
 When every heart and every voice  
 Arose in harmonie.

The list'ning echoes all around  
Gave back their soft reply,  
While angels heard the hallow'd sound,  
And bore it to the sky.

Oh ! faithless King ! hast thou forgot  
Who gave to thee thy croun ?  
Hast thou forgot thy solemn oath,  
At Holyrood and Scone ?  
Oh ! fierce Dalzell ! thy ruthless rage  
Wrought langsome misery ;  
What Scottish heart could ever gi'e  
A benison to thee !

Oh ! Claverhouse ! fell Claverhouse !  
Thou brave, but cruel Grahame !  
Dark deeds like thine will last for aye,  
Linked wi' thy blighted name.  
Oh, Pentland hills, sae fair and green !  
When in the sunrise gleaming,  
Or in the pensive gloamin' hour,  
Aneath the moonbeams streaming !

I love to wander there my lane,  
Wi' sad and sacred feeling ;  
While hallowed mem'ries wake the tear,  
In waefu' eye saft stealing.

I love thy wild sequestred glen,  
Thy bonny wimplin' burn ;  
For Scotland's brave and martyr'd men,  
Still does it seem to mourn.

# A DREAM OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANT.

WALTER CHISHOLM.

IN still early morning, while yet I reclined,  
In the sleep so refreshing that labour bestows,  
The shadows of Dream-Land stole over my mind,  
And brought me the visions which now I disclose.

'Twas a dream of the days which have now long gone  
by,  
When the dark mountain cave was the Pastor's  
abode ;  
When the death-smoke of martyrs oft darkened the  
sky,  
And men met in secret to worship their God.

Methought that I lay in a wild lonely glen,  
Which Nature of old had marked out for her own ;  
The sweet violet peeped round the sly fox's den,  
And perfume on each balmy zephyr was blown.

The bright morning sunbeams bathed valley and brae,  
The lark seemed a speck on the breast of the cloud ;  
And the merle from his perch, on the white thorny  
    spray,  
Was warbling a ditty, rich, mellow, and loud.

The burn from its source on the wide moorland fell,  
Where plover and grouse 'mong the heather-bells  
    hide,  
Came murmuring onward with ripple and swell,  
And kissed the fair flowerets, that bent o'er its tide.

And there, on the green sloping hillside, a band  
Of true Covenanters, sat full in my view ;  
Above them, the rocks towered, majestic and grand,  
And o'er them was stretched a bright curtain of blue.

Strong men, maidens, mothers and children were there,  
All raising their voices in one solemn psalm ;  
While Heaven-ward was wafted the soul-stirring air—  
How chastened the pleasure ! how holy the calm !

The Minister then from the shelf of the rock  
Preached life everlasting, the free gift of Heaven !  
All listening enrapt, while of Jesus he spoke,  
Whose life-blood so freely for sinners was given :



And "Fear not, my poor suffering brethren," he said,  
" Though fell Persecution our frames may destroy,  
The soul that on Christ, the Redeemer, is stayed,  
Shall soar from the dust to a kingdom of joy."

Thus passed the bright Sabbath, till borne on the  
breeze

A murmur came floating of soft soothing power ;  
It was the low hum of the homeward bound bees,  
Rich-laden with spoils from each sweet nectared  
flower.

Once more the loud praises were wafted on high ;  
And in name of Jehovah a blessing was spoke—  
Then from my fond gaze the fair vision did fly,  
And awaking I found that the dawning had broke.

Yes, dawning had broke, and the monarch of morn  
Was chasing the shades with the light of his shield ;  
And thus, too, the dawn of the Gospel shall burn  
Till darkness and error are swept from the field.

## BROWN OF PRIESTHILL.

*1st May, 1685.*

HENRY INGLIS OF TORSOCE.

## I.

"TIE up the cur to the rowan tree,  
 And let six of the men dismount :  
 Ye may leave his tongue and his weasand free  
 To tell the truth an he will, to me :  
 Now carrier of Calvary  
 Prepare for thy last account ;  
 For never on earth shalt thou bear again  
 Rebel warnings to rebel men,  
 If thou showest not where, and how, and when,  
 In moss or muir, by crag or fen,  
 Thou hast hidden the canting hound ?"

## II.

Thus spoke John Grahame of Claverhouse,  
 And his eye glared coldly round :  
 It rested on a pale sweet face  
 Pale with affright in the early morn,  
 At clash of sabre and clang of horn,

A mother clasping in close embrace  
The child she had lately borne—  
A wife whom murderers arouse  
To leave her all forlorn :  
Damp and dishevelled her flaxen hair,  
Wild and tearful her bright blue eye ;  
Neck and panting bosom bare,  
Lips parted in a dumb despair,  
And the sole symbol of earthly care,  
The plaided child in her arms she bare  
Slumbering without a cry.

## III.

“ Isabel, my wife, draw near  
And give me thy hand once more ;  
The hour and instrument are here  
I told thee of before,  
When first upon the holms of Ayr  
I asked thee, dearest wife, to share  
The burdens of my earthly care ;  
I told thee of the impious laws,  
I told thee all without disguise ;  
And now I bid thee in this cause  
To offer up thy sacrifice.”  
The trembling woman bowed her head :  
“ God’s Will on earth be done,” she said ;  
“ Go where thy duty lies.”

## IV.

“Then have I nought ado but die.”  
Claverhouse lifted his finger high,  
And signalled his men to slay ;  
Men of bloodshed, rapine, and sin,  
Guiltless of mercy, and guiltless of kin ;  
But something melted the steel within,  
And for once they forgot to obey.  
But the heart of adamant was there,  
And the hand that knew not how to spare ;  
Coldly clicked the pistol lock,  
Sharply rung the pistol shock—  
And a corpse the martyr lay.

## V.

Then Claverhouse mounted and rode away  
On that dreary morn of merry May ;  
The dawn had more of the night than the day ;  
Chill mists upon the valleys lay,  
The plover slumbered by the fen,  
The curlew on the hill,  
The otter signalled sharp and shrill  
He had not sought his den ;  
And the eagle rested in the cloud  
That wrapped Cairntable in its shroud.

## VI.

Widow and child alone with the dead

In the solitary glen :

Last night she pillowed a husband's head

On the bosom where their first born fed ;

The kiss, and the latest words he said,

She striveth to find again.

Last night she was surely compassed round

With courage, and love, and faith ;

Her womanhood then by manhood crowned ;

For the frail bark safe anchorage found ;

Now—the storm-beaten wreck is aground

Upon the shores of Death !

## VII.

Shall the demon of despair prevail ?

Will the God of the righteous chide

The faltering woman till she fail

And faint in the surging tide ?

No ;—the angel of mercy is there to guide,

And to spurn the spirit of evil aside.

Tenderly, as on her marriage-bed,

The child on the moss she laid ;

And she stretched the cold limbs of the dead

And drew the eyelids' shade ;

And bound the corpse's shattered head,

And shrouded the martyr in his plaid :

And where the dead and the living slept,

Sate in the wilderness and wept.

## COVINGTON MILL.\*

REV. JAMES PROUDFOOT.

LIVES there a man who all unmoved can tread  
 Above the dust of the immortal dead ?  
 Who this historic land can travel round,  
 Nor find one spot of consecrated ground.  
 Oh ! let not such a heartless piece of stone  
 Set foot upon the soil of Covington ;  
 For there, at northern base of Tinto Hill,  
 Was dragged to death the godly, good Cargill.

Still stands the house wherein the man of God,  
 That fatal day, had found his last abode ;  
 All lonesome now these sad and silent walls,  
 And yet their sight such memories recalls ;  
 That house from me more reverence demands  
 Than proudest palace built by human hands !

My native land, this praise to thee is due,  
 Thy chosen heroes never have been few.

---

\* Donald Cargill was apprehended at Covington Mill by Irving  
 off Bonshaw, and was executed at Edinburgh.

I speak not of her kings who, as a race,  
Have done the royal sceptre no disgrace ;  
Nor of our nobles, who may proudly stand  
Comparison with chivalry of any land ;  
I speak of men employed in daily toil,  
Artificers, and tenants of the soil.

Men of the Covenant, all good and true,  
When friends to Christ were faithless, faint, and few,  
Who, viewed as metals, were the genuine gold,  
Old Roman valour cast in Christian mould ;  
Loving their Lord as the apostles loved,  
And, like the twelve, in front of death unmoved.

Some call them traitors ; 'tis with scorn denied—  
To their oppressors be the term applied ;  
True to their God, nor to their king untrue,  
Their hearts were breaking while their swords they drew.  
Some call them rebels ; we the slander fling  
Back on their profligate and perjured king,  
Who, had he but one spark of honour shown,  
Had found in them the pillars of his throne !

Ye noble souls ! Yours was the rising tide  
The winds might ruffle but not turn aside ;  
Defeated oft, ye saw the battle plain  
Drenched with your blood, and cumbered with the slain ;

Their severed heads to gibbet-irons consigned,  
To bleach and wither in the tainted wind.  
Ye saw the weak down-trodden by the strong,  
And heard the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?  
Till for a time it seemed the Righteous One  
Had ceased to reign, or slumbered on His throne.

Beneath this baptism of fire and blood,  
Erect and unsubdued the martyrs stood,  
With front defiant to the spoilers turned  
God-wards—content to be the bush that burned.  
Ah! may the mighty God raise up such men,  
*Should He in judgment send such times again!*



## ANDREW GALLANE'S STANE.

*A Legend of the Covenanters connected with the slaughter of  
James, Archbishop Sharpe.*

"I came not to send peace, but a sword."

THOMAS C. LATTO.

ON Magus Muir, near grey St. Rule,  
Well graith'd with belted brand,  
Rude firelocks in their bolsters set,  
Linger'd a mounted band.

Foumart or brock they search'd na out,  
But vermin deathlier still  
Than squirmers o' the whuttret brand,  
That callants run to kill.

Bleak was the morn an' cloudy,  
Their faces pinched with cold,  
Gazing with disappointed glance  
Across the dreary wold.

For something they had waited  
Impatiently since dawn,

Now 'twas surmised untoward chance  
Their quarry had withdrawn.

That quarry was Carmichael,  
A beagle of the law,  
The Primate's hireling satellite  
Tithes from the stooks to draw.

Fines and recoveries, besides,  
Taxes that freemen fast  
At Lauderdale's outrageous pest  
Made dukes their teeth to gnash.

On Hackstoun of Rathillet  
His hand had heavy borne,  
To pay auld scores they watched for him  
That memorable morn.

But wary was Carmichael,  
Warn'd what before him lay ;  
Backing his horse, he to his house  
Return'd another way.

"Come!" said Balfour of Burley,  
Whose skellied een could glower  
At once up to Drumcarrow Craig  
And to St. Rule's square tower—

"Come !" cried Balfour of Burley,  
    "Rathillet ! bide your time ;  
The foutar, sly, has slipp'd the girn,  
    Auld birds are ill to lime."

Ran up a boy. "Our mistress bade  
    Me no to spare shoe-leather ;  
The coach that the Archbishop hauds  
    Is whirlin' thro' the heather."

The gudewife o' Baldinny's lugs  
    Were gleg as ony mawkin',  
Weel she jealous'd this change o' game  
    Their sport wad no be baukin'.

"Gude ! gude !" quo' Burley ; "grace ye see  
    Is grantit to the godly ;  
What luck to get untill oor creel  
    A sowmon for a fodley !"

"I fear me," answer'd Hackstoun,  
    "He swither'd on his ride,  
And like the sly fox that he is,  
    Slipp'd by the nor'ard side."

"Guard Brig, we'll tak' him safely,  
    Whaur nane a clour can gi'e,

Allowin' him to won "the scores"  
An' jow "Kate Kennedy." \*

"'Tis said that in his pouch are stow'd  
Warrants some necks to wring;  
Sign'd, seal'd, deliver'd by the hand  
Of our most gracious King:

"Far waur than ten Carmichaels,  
Tax-reavin', tramplin' tool  
Oor Jamie, in the Jesuits' claws  
Mass-greedy senseless fool."

"Whisht," cried John Balfour with a grin,  
"The apostate's surely nail'd;  
Deceiv'd in this I cannot be,  
My scout has never fail'd.

"Sharpe's bound to cross the Magus Muir  
This day 'tween dawn an' dusk,  
Sure as Gillespie Grumock louns  
At sough o' Monymusk."

That moment echoed o'er the muir  
Faint rumble as of wheels;

---

\* The Bell of St. Salvador College, still extant.

Each nervy hand unconsciously  
To hilt of sabre steals.

Priming is look'd to in hot haste ;  
They instantly dismount  
And without clock or horologe  
Seconds begin to count.

There was a callan' close at hand  
Herding some scrunty sheep ;  
To him the bridles they entrust,  
Charging him watch to keep—

An innocent and harmless boy,  
In him no tantrums found,  
To whom "The Solemn League" itself  
Was but a tinkling sound.

He saw a carriage, grand, approach ;  
The horses, prompt, they seize—  
The door is forced—a grey-hair'd man—  
His daughter on her knees.

"Spare him ! oh, spare him ! he is old ;  
His failing years are few ;  
Ye would not surely take his life !"  
But mercy,—none they knew.

They struck him down e'en as she pray'd  
For pity in that hour ;  
Papers they rifled from his breast ;  
It was *their* day of power.

Dangerous, incriminating roll—  
Their own names with a host  
Of others doomed to hang and burn,  
Made each pale as a ghost,

Till scarlet indignation flamed ;  
Hatred as fierce as hell  
Blaz'd up, nigh smoking from the eyes,  
But roused no savage yell.

Then leapt inhuman purpose up  
As round the jackmen trooped  
From the crushed, battered "dome of thought"  
The brains—still warm—were scooped.

They stood acquitted to themselves,  
Despite his hoary hairs ;  
His own act scattered every doubt ;  
'Twas his life-blood or theirs.

Amid the daughter's sobs and wails  
Each grasped his bridle-rein ;

Off! fleetest steed that e'er was foaled  
To catch might strive in vain.

And yet, James Sharpe! oh! would that thou  
Might'st have been safely spared;  
For terrible indeed thy fate,  
But still that fate thou dared.

An old man's blood, however wrong  
Ambition might control,  
I should be loth to have it lie  
A nightmare on my soul.

The poor herd, trembling, took to flight,  
His terror adding wings,  
And, frantic, down 'mong frightened yowes  
Prostrate his body flings.

The lackeys, dazed and horrified  
Locking the door, were fain  
To gallop onward to the goal  
Their master failed to gain.

Ere noon went forth the hue and cry:  
Burley got clear away  
To fall in an ignoble strife—  
Not battle—an affray.

But Hackstoun of Rathillet met  
The doom his mate ignored,  
Making acquaintance barbarous  
With the dark deemster's sword.

We mourn for poor Rathillet,  
His torture feeling wrings ;  
No wish of his to slay his foe—  
Man, worthy better things.

Years passed—herd Andrew, now a man,  
Has taken him a wife ;  
And tho' at times he tremors felt,  
Lived on his canny life.

But either he had talked too much,  
Or, thro' the menials' zeal,  
The little role, enforced, he played  
Disturbed the commonweal.

Before the stern *Thirteen* arraigned,  
One victim more to be,  
Douce Andrew yielded up his breath  
Upon the gallows tree.

In a small clump, triangular,  
Of scrubby beeches, brown,



The martyr-seed of that poor boy  
Was mercilessly sown.

'Tis still a memorable spot,  
Resort of pilgrims fain,  
To pay the tribute of a sigh  
O'er ANDREW GULLANE'S STANE.

. . . . .

Alas ! that Christ's religion  
Breeds such envenomed wrath,  
Prompting to sweep pure saintly ones  
From furious bigot's path.

Thank Heaven to-day on Magus Muir,  
As thro' all Scotland broad,  
The right we won we grandly keep—  
FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD !

## SCOTLAND.

DAVID LINDSAY.

YES ! I still love thy bonnie, fragrant braes,  
     Dear Scotia, that great Knox and Cameron trod ;  
     Thy turf's been sanctified by saints of God.  
 What grander theme for patriotic lays  
 Than on the eternal rocks to 'grave the praise  
     Of those who bled 'neath persecution's hand—  
     Slain, tortured, or exiled from native land,  
 When fatal 'twas a psalm divine to raise ?  
 But happy change ! Days gone for evermore !  
     And we can worship offer as we please  
     'Neath Britain's flag, that waves in every breeze,  
 E'en to the verge of earth's remotest shore.  
     Then let all honour to the memory be  
     Of peerless Worth that won our liberty.

## COVENANTERS' HYMN.

DAVID VEDDER.

LET us lift up our voices aloud to Him  
 Who dwelleth between the Cherubim ;  
 In the star-paved mansion above yon sky,  
 The centre of immensity !

Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray  
 On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

In Ephraim's and Manasseh's sight,  
 Stir Thine all-powerful strength and might ;  
 Break the oppressor's bow and sword,  
 And save Thine helpless heritage, Lord !

Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray  
 On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

Let Thy mighty arm be round us still,  
 And mould our souls to Thy holy will ;  
 And bring us at last to the wealthy place,  
 Illumined with the light of Thy glorious face ;  
 Th' imputed robe—the wreath—the palm—  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.

## MARTYR - LAND.\*

THOMAS PRINGLE.

'Tis a heart-stirring sight to view  
 Far to the westward, stretching blue,  
 That frontier ridge, which erst defied  
 The invader's march, the oppressor's pride ;  
 The bloody field, for many an age  
 Of rival nations' wasteful rage ;

---

\* In Alexander Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Song* this poem is entitled "The Covenanters' Tomb," and assigned to the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. Whitelaw had doubtless taken his copy of the above from the second poem in "The Poetic Mirror," published in 1815. In his autobiography however, the Shepherd tells us that "the second poem in the volume ('The Poetic Mirror'), namely, the epistle to R—— S——, the most beautiful and ingenious piece in the work, *is not mine*. IT WAS WRITTEN BY MR. THOMAS PRINGLE." Thomas Pringle afterwards published in 1819 the whole poem under the title of "The Autumnal Excursion." The "R—— S——" in question was not the then Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, as *The Quarterly Review* "supposed" at the time, but Robert Story, of Yetholm, afterwards minister of Rosneath, father of Professor Story, ex-moderator of "The Kirk of Scotland." The lines from "Yes ! though sceptic's tongue deride," to the end, are appropriately engraved on the monument o'er the martyrs' tomb in Greyfriar's Kirk-yard, but "someone hath blundered" as the name of Grabame is given as their author.

In later times a refuge given  
To outlaws in the cause of heaven  
Far inland, where the mountain crest  
O'erlooks the water of the west,  
And 'midst the moorland wilderness  
Dark moss-cleughs form a drear recess,  
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists which feed  
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed ;  
There, injured Scotland's patriot band  
For Faith and Freedom made their stand ;  
When traitor Kings, who basely sold  
Their country's fame for Gaelic gold,—  
Too abject o'er the free to reign,—  
Warn'd by a Father's fate in vain,—  
In bigot fury trampled down  
The race to whom they owed their crown.—  
There, worthy of his masters, came  
The despot's champion, bloody Grahame,  
To stain for aye a warrior's sword,  
And lead a fierce though fawning horde,  
The human bloodhounds of the earth,  
To hunt the peasant from his hearth !  
Tyrants ! could not misfortune teach  
That man has rights beyond your reach ?  
Thought ye the torture and the stake  
Could that intrepid spirit break,  
Which even in woman's breast withstood  
The terrors of the fire and flood ?

Yes ! though the sceptic's tongue deride  
Those martyrs who for conscience died,  
Though modish history blight their fame,  
And sneering courtiers hoot the name  
Of men who dared alone be free  
Amidst a nation's slavery ;  
Yet long for them the poet's lyre  
Shall breathe its notes of heavenly fire ;  
Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand  
Upraised to save a sinking land,  
And piety shall learn to burn  
With holier transport o'er their urn !

## A LAY OF THE MARTYRS.

JAMES HOGG (*the Ettrick Shepherd*).

“ OH where have you been, bonnie Marley Reid ?  
 For mony a long night and day  
 I have missed ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,  
 And the cave o’ the Lowther Brae.

“ Our friends are waning fast away,  
 Baith frae the cliff and the wood ;  
 They are tearing them frae us ilka day ;  
 For there’s naething will please but blood.

“ And, O bonnie Marley, I maun now  
 Gie your heart muckle pain,  
 For your bridegroom is a-missing too,  
 And ’tis feared that he is ta’en.

“ We have sought the caves o’ the Enterkin,  
 And the dens o’ the Ballybough,  
 And a’ the howes o’ the Ganna Linn,  
 And we wot not what to do.”

“Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,  
And hope all for the best,  
For the servants of God will find a place,  
Their weary heads to rest.

“There are better places, that we ken o’,  
And seemlier to be in,  
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,  
Or howes o’ the Ganna Linn.

“But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,  
And listen awhile to me,  
For I have a tale to tell to you,  
That will bring you to your knee.

“I went to seek my own dear James  
In the cave of the Lowther Brae,  
For I had some things that of a’ the world  
He best deserved to hae.

“I had a kebbuck in my lap,  
And a fadge o’ the flour sae sma’,  
And a sark I had made for his buirdly back,  
As white as the new-dri’en snaw.

“I sought him over hill and dale,  
Shouting by cave and tree;



But only the dell with its eiry yell,  
An answer returned to me.

“I sought him up, and I sought him down,  
And echoes returned his name,  
Till the glouffs o’ dread shot to my heart,  
And dirled through a’ my frame.

“I sat me down by the Enterkin,  
And saw, in a fearful line,  
The red dragoons come up the path,  
Wi’ prisoners eight or nine :

“And one of them was my dear, dear James,  
The flower of a’ his kin ;  
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,  
And the blood ran frae his chin.

“He was bound upon a weary hack,  
Lash’d both by hough and heel,  
And his hands were bound behind his back,  
Wi’ the thumbikins of steel.

“I kneeled before that Popish band,  
In the fervour of inward strife,  
And I raised to heaven my trembling hand,  
And begged my husband’s life.

“ But all the troop laughed me to scorn,  
    Making my grief their game ;  
And the captain said some words to me,  
    Which I cannot tell you for shame.

“ And then he cursed our Whiggish race  
    With a proud and a scornful brow,  
And bade me look at my husband’s face,  
    And say how I liked him now.

“ Oh, I like him weel, thou proud captain,  
    Though the blood runs to his knee,  
And all the better for the greivous wrongs  
    He has suffered this day frae thee.

“ But can you feel within your heart  
    That comely youth to slay ?  
For the hope you have in Heaven, captain,  
    Let him gang wi’ me away !

“ Then the captain swore a fearfu’ oath,  
    With loathsome jest and mock,  
That he thought no more of a Whigamore’s life  
    Than the life of a noisome brock.

“ Then my poor James to the captain called,  
    And he begged baith hard and sair,

To have one kiss of his bonnie bride,  
Ere we parted for evermair.

“ ‘I’ll do that for you,’ said the proud captain,  
‘And save you the toil to-day,  
And moreover, I’ll take her little store,  
To support you by the way.’

“ ‘He took my bountith from my lap,  
And I saw, with sorrow dumb,  
That he parted it all among his men,  
And gave not my love one crumb.

“ ‘Now, fare you well, my very bonnie bride,’  
Cried the captain with disdain ;  
‘When I come back to the banks of Nith,  
I shall kiss you sweetly then.’

“ ‘Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,  
For what I have done to-day ;  
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven :  
And short will be the way !’

“ ‘My love he gave me a parting look,  
And blessed me ferventlye,  
And the tears they mixed wi’ his purple blood,  
And ran down to his knee.”

“What’s this I hear, bonnie Marley Reid ?  
How could these woes betide ?  
For blyther you could not look this day,  
Were your husband by your side.

“One of two things alone is left,  
And dreadful the one to me ;  
For either your fair wits are reft,  
Or else your husband’s free.”

“Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,  
And hear me out the rest ;  
You little ken what a bride will do,  
For the youth she likes the best !

“I hied me home to my father’s ha’,  
And through a’ my friends I ran,  
And I gathered me up a purse o’ gowd,  
To redeem my young goodman :

“For I kenned the Popish lowns would weel  
My fair intent approve ;  
For they’ll do far mair for the good red gowd,  
Than they’ll do for heaven above.

“And away I ran to Edinburgh town,  
Of my shining treasure vain,

To buy my James from the prison strong,  
Or there with him remain.

“ I sought through a’ the city jails,  
I sought baith lang and sair ;  
But the guardsmen turned me frae their doors,  
And swore that he was not there.

“ I went away to the Popish duke,  
Who was my love’s judge to be,  
And I proffered him a’ my yellow store,  
If he’d grant his life to me.

“ He counted the red gowd slowly o’er,  
By twenties and by tens,  
And he said I had taken the only means  
To attain my hopeful ends.

“ ‘ And now,’ said he, ‘ your husband’s safe ;  
You may take this pledge of me :  
And I’ll tell you, fair one, where you’ll go,  
To gain this certaintye,—

“ ‘ Gang west the street, and down the Bow,  
And through the market place,  
And there you will meet with a gentleman,  
Of a tall and courteous grace ;

“ ‘ He is clad in a livery of the green,  
With a plume aboon his bree,  
And armed with a halbert, glittering sheen :  
Your love he will let you see.’

“ O Marjory, never flew blythsome bird,  
So light out through the sky,  
As I flew up that stately street,  
Weeping for very joy.

“ O never flew lamb out-o’er the lea,  
When the sun gangs o’er the hill,  
Wi’ lichters, blyther steps than me,  
Or skipped wi’ sic good will !

“ And aye I blessed the precious ore,  
My husband’s life that wan ;  
And I even blessed the Popish duke,  
For a kind, good-hearted man.

“ The officer I soon found out,—  
For he could not be mistook ;  
But in all my life I never beheld  
Sic a grim and a gruesome look.

“ I asked him for my dear, dear James,  
With throbs of wild delight,

And begged him in his master's name,  
To take me to his sight.

“ He asked me for his true address,  
With a voice at which I shook ;  
For I saw that he was a Popish knave,  
By the terror of his look.

“ I named the name with a buoyant voice,  
That trembled with ecstasie ;  
But the savage brayed a hideous laugh,  
Then turned and grinned at me.

“ He pointed up to the city wall :  
One look benumbed my soul :  
For there I saw my husband's head,  
Fixed high upon a pole !

“ His yellow hair waved in the wind,  
And far behind did flee,  
And his right hand hung beside his cheek—  
A waesome sight to see.

“ His chin hung down on open space,  
Yet comely was his bròw,  
And his eyne were open to the breeze—  
There was nane to close them now !

“ ‘What think ye of your true love now?’  
The hideous porter said;  
‘Is not that a comely sight to see,  
And sweet to a Whiggish maid!’

“ ‘Oh, haud your tongue, ye Popish slave,  
For I downa answer you:  
He was dear, dear to my heart before,  
But never sae dear as now!

“ ‘I see a sight you cannot see,  
Which man cannot efface;  
I see a ray of heavenly love  
Beaming on that dear face.

“ ‘And weel I ken yon bonnie brent brow,  
Will smile in the walks on high,  
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stained now,  
Maun wave aboon the sky.’

“ ‘But can ye throw me, Marjory dear?  
In the might of heavenly grace,  
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,  
Nor a tear ran o’er my face.

“ ‘But I blessed my God, who had thus seen meet  
To take him from my side,



To call him home to the courts above,  
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alack, alack, bonnie Marley Reid,  
That sic days we hae lived to see !  
For siccan a cruel and waefu' tale  
Was never yet heard by me.

"And all this time, I have trembling, weened,  
That your dear wits were gone ;  
For there is a joy in your countenance,  
Which I never saw beam thereon.

"Then let us kneel with humble hearts,  
To the God whom we revere,  
Who never yet laid that burden on,  
Which He gave not strength to bear."

## ON MARK WILSON, SLAIN IN IRONGRAY.\*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I WANDERED forth when all men lay sleeping,  
 And I heard a sweet voice wailing and weeping,  
 The voice of a babe, and the wail of women,  
 And even there came a faint low screaming ;  
 And after the screaming a low, low moaning,  
 All adown by the burnbank in the green loaning.  
 I went, and by the moonlight I found  
 A beauteous dame weeping low on the ground.

The beauteous dame was sobbing and weeping,  
 And at her breast lay a sweet babe sleeping,  
 And by her side was a fair-haired child,  
 With dark eyes flushed with weeping, and wild

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\* "On Mark Wilson, slain in Irongray," is one of a series of Cameronian ballads contributed to *Blackwood* by Honest Allan in 1820. In reference to their authorship his biographer (Rev. David Hogg) remarks : "When and where Cunningham picked up these ballads we cannot tell, but perhaps he got them from the same fair hand who gave him the 'Mermaid of Galloway ;' or, what is likelier still, from his own fertile imagination—the same source."

And troubled : he held by his mother, and spake—  
“Oh mither ! when will my faither wake ?”  
And there lay a man smitten low to the ground,  
The blood gushing forth from a bosom wound.

And by his side lay a broken sword,  
And by his side lay the opened “Word,”  
His palms were spread, and his head was bare,  
His knees were bent—he had knelt in prayer ;  
But brief was his prayer, for the flowers where he knelt  
Had risen all wet with his life’s-blood spilt,  
And the smoke of powder smelt fresh around,  
And a steed’s hoof-prints were in the ground.

She saw me, but she heeded not,  
As a flower she sat, that had grown on the spot ;  
But ever she knelt o’er the murdered man,  
And sobbed afresh, and the loosed tears ran ;  
Even low as she knelt, there came a rush  
Like a fiery wind, over river and bush,  
And amid the wind, and in lightning speed,  
A bright Rider came, on a brighter steed.

“Woe ! woe ! woe !” he called, and there came  
To his hand as he spake, a sword of flame ;  
He smote the air, and he smote the ground,  
Warm blood, as a rivulet, leapt up from the wound,

Shriek followed on shriek, loud, fearful, and fast,  
And filled all the track where this dread one passed ;  
And tumult and terrible outcry there came,  
As a sacked city yields when it stoops to the flame ;  
And a shrill low voice came running abroad,  
“ Come, mortal man, come, and be judged by God ! ”  
And the dead man turned unto heaven his face,  
Stretched his hands and smiled in the light of grace.

## THE DEATH OF JAMES GUTHRIE.

*(Executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, 1st June, 1661.)*

JAMES DODDS.

SLOWLY, slowly tolls the death-note, at the Cross the  
scaffold stands :

Freedom, law, and life are playthings where the  
Tyrant's voice commands :

Found in blood your throne and temple ! foretaste of a  
glorious reign ;

Though the heavens were hung in sackcloth, let the  
Witnesses be slain !

'Tis the merriest month of summer, 'tis the sweetest  
day in June,

And the sun breathes joy in all things, riding at his  
highest noon ;

Yet a silence, deep and boding, broods on all the city  
round,

And a fear is on the people, as an earthquake rocked  
the ground.

Slowly, slowly tolls the death-note, at the Cross the  
scaffold stands ;

And the Guardsmen prance and circle, marshalled in  
their savage bands ;

And the people swell and gather, heaving darkly like  
the deep,  
When, in fitful gusts, the north winds o'er its troubled  
bosom sweep.

Now the grim Tolbooth is opened, and the death-  
procession forms,  
With the tinsel pomps of office, with a vain parade of  
arms ;  
Lowly in the midst, and leaning on his staff, in humble  
guise  
Guthrie comes, the Proto-martyr ! ready for the  
sacrifice ;  
Guthrie comes, the Proto-martyr ! and a stern and  
stified groan  
Runs through the multitude ; but patiently he passeth  
on ;  
And the people stand uncovered, and they gaze with  
streaming eyes,  
As when of old the fiery chariot rapt Elijah to the skies.

On his staff in meekness leaning, see him bend infirm  
and weak ;  
Man in youth, and old in manhood, pale and sunken is  
his cheek.  
And adown his shoulders flowing, locks grown pre-  
maturely gray,

Yet the spirit, strong in weakness, feels nor languor nor  
decay ;  
And a loftiness is on him, such as fits a noble mind,  
Like the oak in grandeur rising, howsoever blows the  
wind ;  
On his lip, though blanched with vigils, sits the will to  
dare or die,  
And the fires of grace and genius sparkle in his cloudless  
eye.

“ This frail and mortal flesh, I give it  
Freely to the Lord of all !  
Were my limbs of brass and iron,  
’Twere an offering far too small,  
Life is only ours to serve Him ;  
And our term of service done,  
Death for Him and for His Covenant  
Is an honour cheaply won.

“ Not as felon, nor as traitor,  
Whatso evil tongues proclaim,  
Am I hither come to suffer  
Every brand of outward shame.  
Fixed and serious in my purpose  
Where the hand of God was seen ;  
Yet in all things have I laboured  
To preserve my garments clean.

"I was loyal when the kingdom  
Bowed to Cromwell's haughty frown ;  
Few would own the royal standard  
All defaced and trodden down.  
Then the flatterers who doom me  
Now to suffer in the street,  
Whined and fawned like stricken spaniels  
Round the Lord Protector's feet !

"Constant to my Prince, and constant  
To the vows we both had taken,  
Faithful to his right I stood, when  
By his summer friends forsaken.  
Loyal am I, free to render  
Unto Caesar Caesar's due,  
Tribute, custom, temporal honour,  
And obedience leal and true.

"But the King who reigns in Zion,  
High o'er every earthly throne,  
Shall I flinch from His allegiance ?  
Or my solemn vows disown ?  
With uplifted hands I swore it,  
When the Nation joined in band,  
Monarch, magistrates, and nobles,  
And the peasants of the land !  
Though I knew by signs and shadows  
That my life-blood must be spent



In the work and in the warfare,  
Struggling for the Covenant.

“ Welcome scaffold ! ’tis a Bethel,  
Angel-wings are hovering here ;  
Welcome ladder ! thou shalt lift me  
Far beyond this cloudy sphere.  
Ah ! thou Daughter of my people !  
Sweet and lovely at thy birth,  
When the throes of Reformation  
Shook the old astonished earth,  
What a blight is on thy beauty,  
Since thou hast forgot thy truth,  
And the joys of thy bright morning—  
Sweet espousals of thy youth !

“ Thou shalt suffer ! God’s true Gospel  
Shall be darkened, and a brood  
Of locusts overspread thy valleys,  
Leaving neither flower nor food ;  
And the wild-boar from the forest  
Rush on thy defenceless home ;  
For thy watchmen do not warn thee  
Of the woes about to come ;  
But they slumber, drugged with wine-lees,  
Or they quail in carnal fear ;  
And thy bondage shall continue  
Till the Lord Himself appear,

Till He make His right arm naked,  
To avenge His people's wrongs !  
And restore the mournful captives,  
With everlasting songs.

“ Here my pilgrim's staff is broken,  
All my bands are now untied ;  
I die to live with Him for ever,  
Who for my salvation died.  
Faith, which long hath groped and wavered  
In this world's uncertain light,  
Leaping from its mortal prison,  
Now is passing into sight.  
Earthly cares and human contests,  
Inward pangs and darkness cease,  
Now, O Lord ! dismiss Thy servant  
Into everlasting peace ! ”

He hath spoken ! Seal his sentence ; little boots it what  
ye do :

He hath spoken ! and recorded darker, heavier doom  
on you !

Hurry on the doom assigned him by the minions of  
your State,  
Rend the head from off his body, fix it on your city-  
gate ;

Let the Lyon-Herald taint him, be his arm reversed  
and torn ;  
Be his earthly goods confiscate, let his household wail  
and mourn ;  
Crush the Spiritual by the Carnal, answer Conscience  
with the sword ;  
By the dungeon and the scaffold force submission to  
your word :  
Good and Evil, Force and Freedom, let them close with  
deadly yell !  
'Tis a warfare old as Satan, deep as the abyss of Hell !

He hath spoken ! and his words are not water on the  
ground ;  
Years may vanish, but his warnings shall in all their  
truth be found.  
He hath spoken ! and the Nation to its inmost soul  
hath heard  
And the withered bones are shaken by the breathings  
of his word ;  
And, though dead, his guiding spirit in the land for  
aye shall dwell,  
And Oppression's boasted strongholds shiver at the  
mighty spell.

## PEDEN "THE PROPHET'S" GRAVE.

A. B. TODD.

HIGH on a knoll above the town  
 Where mellowed comes the din,  
 Up from the marts of trade, which drown  
 All softer sounds within.  
 Where balmy summer breezes play,  
 From out the glowing west ;  
 Or where the wintry tempests bray,  
 Till, spent, they sink to rest.  
 Beneath two old and hallowed thorns,  
 Sleeps Peden good and brave,  
 Where, now, fit monument adorns  
 The grand old "Prophet's" grave.\*

His *second* grave it is, for long  
 His persecutors prowled

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\* In the year 1891, a beautiful granite monument, 21 feet high, was erected close to the grave of this grand old Elijah of the Scottish Covenant, at a cost of nearly three hundred pounds sterling,—the inauguration ceremony being performed by Professor Blackie, and attended by about 4000 people.

O'er bleak moor and through darksome glen,  
    (Though Heaven in anger scowled)  
To shed his blood, with those who stood  
    For conscience and for right :  
The cave high o'er the flood they searched  
    With torches in the night,  
They searched his brother's dwelling through,  
    But God protection gave,  
And willed that his dear saint should go  
    Down to a bloodless grave.

At early dawn, all silently,  
    In haste that grave was made,  
Which green had grown at Auchinleck,  
    When it his foes invade,  
And bore his corse, with fiendish glee,  
    Away to Cumnock town,  
To hang it on the gallows tree,  
    Which grimly there did frown.  
But woman's pleading voice prevailed  
    The indignity to save,  
Though at the gallows foot was made  
    Old Peden's second grave.

These evil times have passed away,  
    The war-trump and the drum ;  
The clash of arms, the battle-bray  
    'Mong Scotia's hills are dumb ;

And since not now our necks are bent  
To tyrants and the sword,  
We owe it all to those who stood  
And battled for the Lord.  
And long will patriots drop the tear,  
Which pity aye will crave,  
From those who come from far and near,  
To visit Peden's grave.

## RULLION GREEN.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

WHILE lone through the woodland my path I pursue,  
 Where the soft breeze of morning unceasingly sighs,  
 Yet scarce stirs the boughs o'er the night's deeper dew,  
 So long in the forest's recesses that lies.

Oh ! shall not the thoughts to high heaven belong,  
 Where now live exalted the faithful and good,  
 Who here, when the tide of oppression ran strong,  
 For Faith and for Freedom the spoiler withstood ?

The sunshine beams bright on the heath of the hill,  
 And beauty and bliss mark the scenery of day ;  
 There's music and joy in the voice of the rill,  
 And the wild rose in loneliness waves by the way.

Yet would there be joy in the voice of the stream,  
 And beauty on earth from the heavens above,  
 All blended in light like a bliss-bringing dream,  
 If our land were no land of true freedom and love ?

More rich is the flower, and the sunshine more bright,  
In the isles lying far o'er the ocean's wide wave,  
But when shall the lawn and the flower bring delight  
That is trod by the step of the tyrant and slave ?

On the breast of yon steep, lo ! the warrior's grey cairn,  
Who bled for his country, still rising is seen ;  
And far 'mong the moorlands the heath and the fern  
Wave round where the grave of the martyr grows  
green.

And these are the mighty, the morally brave,  
Who died, an inheritance thus to convey  
That is more than the wealth that can come by the  
slave,  
And all that is found 'neath the dwellings of day.

'Twas the light of high heaven that fixed (though so  
frail)

The heart of humanity, still to withstand  
The powerful and proud who with death would assail  
The lowly and faithful that lived in the land.

Defying that God, in their merciless strife,  
That erst sent to save them His own only Son,  
They lavished in madness the powers of their life  
In the soul-searing servitude of the Foul One.



Oh, pause by the cairn, yet still more by the grave  
That far on the moor for the martyred was dug,  
And ask if 'twas more not true freedom to save  
Than won all that proud ones delighted to hug.

The King in yon halls drank his deep draught of wine,  
While flatt'ers around sent the ruthless abroad ;  
The progress to mar of the radiance divine,  
And murder the peaceful, and browbeat their God.

They hemmed in the valley and hunted the moor,  
And pilfered the gear that the fugitives left ;  
And mocked the frail mother and children, now poor,  
Of their father and home and their holding bereft.

Thus press would the power that enforced them to bear,  
Yet left for the suff'rer no path of appeal ;  
Till wild desperation arose from despair,  
To ward off the blows that oppression would deal.

Here hoary and hot came the wild Laird of Binns,  
Whose cheek ne'er the tear-drop of pity bedewed ;  
But the victory is poor inhumanity wins,  
O'er those it to woe and to want hath pursued.

Yet sigh not for them with a bosom dismayed,  
That here sleep so sound where they died on the lea ;

Though the turf by the stranger might o'er them be  
laid,

'Twas a turf of the land which they fell to make free.

And God will remember, below and above,

The heart that approved itself fearlessly true ;

To the cause which His influence has taught it to love,

Where the foemen are fierce and the faithful are few.

Here—here too behold how the stone has been reared,

The memorial of those, still through ages to stand ;

Who died in resisting the foes that appeared,

'Gainst the freedom and faith of their own native  
land.

## THE NITHSDALE MARTYRS.

WILLIAM M'DOWALL.

WAX frail and crumble into dust  
 Each fretted tomb and storied bust ;  
 Memorials of the perished proud,  
 Be your infirm foundations bowed.  
 Let shattered shaft and plumeless crest  
 Time's desolating march attest ;  
 The gilded scroll and blazing urn  
 To blank and voiceless stone return ;  
 That truncheon to the earth be thrown,  
 Its severed sand like ashes strewn ;  
 That diadem to darkness cast.  
 Its emblematic glory past :—  
 Let these memorials, one and all,  
 In unrecorded ruin fall ;  
 Yea, let the poet's lofty shrine \*  
 Its laurelled garniture resign,  
 And sink, with dark oblivion hid ;

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\* The monument to the poet Burns stands a little to the east of that raised in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, to the Martyrs.

But spare this rude grey pyramid !  
Time ! take the rest without a tear,  
But turn aside, nor trample here.

Though well the chisel and the lyre,  
To consecrate the dead conspire,  
And hearts beloved are hushed below,  
Who merit all which these bestow ;  
Yet if thy path must needs be traced  
By mouldering shrines and tombs defaced—  
If these which Art has called her own  
But form a footstool for thy throne,  
To tremble 'neath thy tiresome tread,  
Then mingle with the insulted dead ;  
If thou canst not thy foot refrain,  
Take these proud piles which crowd the plain ;  
But, as thou would'st a blessing earn,  
Spare, spare the Martyr's humble cairn.

Memorial of that doughty band  
Whose blood so often dyed the land—  
Of those who trode a toilsome path,  
Thorn-planted by the tyrant's wrath—  
Who nobly braved contempt and shame,  
Contending for Messiah's claim,  
And leagued in brotherhood and love,  
For His Crown-rights and Covenant strove :  
Witness, ye hills that point to heaven,

How true the testimony given !  
Witness, ye streams which calmly glide,  
How fearfully their faith was tried !  
Witness, thou vale of Nith so fair,  
Their hours of weariness and care—  
Their days of dread and nights of pain,  
When shelter there they sought in vain !  
Thy dusky caves their shadows lent ;  
Thy craggy glens their foliage bent  
To clasp within their dim embrace  
The remnant of that stricken race !  
But cruel men have eagle eyes—  
They pierced the folds and found the prize ;  
They found them with long watching tired,  
But yet with deep devotion fired.  
With haggard look and raiment torn,  
With visage marred, and famine-worn !  
How wasted now each stalwart frame !  
But still their high resolve the same—  
To worship, though a host said nay,  
As conscience pointed out the way :  
In its blest exercise they fell,  
Sore stricken in the mountain dell ;  
'Mid taunt and scorn they died—they died  
By desert stream and lone hillside !

And this grey pyramid was piled  
To keep their memory undefiled,

That men unborn might understand  
The claim of Scotland's martyr band :  
Then spare its stones, thou spoiler Time !  
To touch them were presumptuous crime !

The stern old Carle, with scythe and glass,  
Just pointed to the drooping grass,  
Which winced and withered 'neath his frown :

“ So shall its stones be shaken down !  
I travel on—beneath my tread  
Earth's monumental piles are laid ;  
Though fools would to their tablets trust  
The records of the proud or just,  
And bright or brave achievements done,  
I triumph o'er them every one :  
So must this feeble structure fail,  
And buried be its woeful tale,  
Swept from the register of years,  
Its narrative of blood and tears :  
In vain to harm it not you call.  
What reck I, if oblivion's pall  
Above these boasted martyrs fall ? ”

Then do thy worst, though large thy boast,  
Their hallowed names shall ne'er be lost ;  
Their deeds, their wrestlings, their renown,  
Shall pass to latest ages down :

These cannot fall beneath thy sway  
Like this frail chronicle of clay.  
Long as heroic worth remains  
To thrill the pulse in human veins ;  
Long as thyself their fame shall last—  
Yea, longer ; for when Time is past,  
The Martyrs' memory shall not die ;  
'Tis star-traced in yon cloudless sky.

## THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

HUGH BROWN.

I HAVE stood by the martyr's lonely grave,  
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom,  
Where bright memorials of nature wave  
Sweet perfumes o'er the sleeping brave  
In his moss-clad mountain tomb.

I knelt by the wild and lonely spot,  
Where moulders the heart of one  
That bled and died, but blanchéd not  
At the tyrant's chain or the soldier's shot,  
Till life's last sands had run.

And the vision of other days came back,  
When the dark and bloody band,  
With the might of a living cataract,  
Essayed to sweep in their fiery tract  
The godly from the land.

When Zion was far on the mountain's height,  
When the wild was the house of prayer ;



Where the eyes of eternal hope grew bright,  
O'er the saint arrayed in the warrior's might  
For his God and his country there.

When the barbarous hordes, as they onward rode  
By the wild and rocky glen,  
Have heard when away from man's abode,  
A voice that awed like the voice of God !  
'Twas the hymn of the fearless men.

For the sunless cave was the martyr's home,  
And the damp cold earth his bed ;  
And the thousand lights of the starry home  
Were the suns of his path while doomed to roam  
O'er the wilds where his brothers bled.

When the clang of conflict rose on the heath,  
And the watchword of freedom rose,  
Like the tones of heaven on the saint's last breath,  
Far, far o'er the battle notes of death,  
As he soared to his last repose.

When he stood by the scaffold, the faggot and stake,  
As his earthly heritage ;  
Yet welcomed all for his Master's sake,  
Whose sword of vengeance yet should wake  
To curb their whirlwind rage.

The vision passed—but the home is mine  
Where the wild bird makes her nest,  
On the rocky altar, and mossy shrine,  
Where the weeds and flowers of the desert shine  
Round the martyr's bed of rest.

The lovers of freedom can never forget  
The glorious peasant band—  
His sires—that on Scotia's mountains met;  
Each name like a seal on the heart is set—  
The pride of his fatherland.

## HOLY GROUND.

J. LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT, M.A.

TALK not to me of holy ground, or of places consecrated ;

For all the world is sacred soil, which the Lord our God created—

And for riband, and gesture, and Latin creed, and the Pope himself, I care not—

There's a glory to me on the lone hillside, which the crypt and the cloister share not.

Ay, up on the hills—in the halls of mist—in the very eye of heaven—

*There* is the glory fresh from God, and the inspiration given ;

Where the psalm of the martyrs caught the breeze, and solemnly rose and fell,

As they worshipped Him, where their life's blood flowed, to stain the heather bell.

Float, mist ! above the valley, high o'er the saintly solitude,

Where by cave, and crag, and hole, and hag, the shadow and silence brood ;

And every knoll in the lonely glen—each cleft in the  
mountain side—

Is a holy place, where the saints of God, fought, fainted,  
and fell, and died.

Yea, yonder to me is the holy soil, in the heart of eternal  
hills,

Where God, in the mists, His kingly peace, in the soli-  
tude yet instils

'Mong the moss and the moors, and the splash of burns,  
that sang the saints to sleep ;

Where their sad grey cairns, like sheeted ghosts, their  
time-long sentry keep.

It is merely a passing fancy now, as I stand 'neath the  
lowering sky,

That the air grows heavy with dream, as I hear the  
wild whaup's wailing cry ;

As down the valley on fitful breath, the voice of the  
ancient psalm

Floats like a message of peace from heaven, and falls  
on the soul like balm ?

And I hear the voice of Cargill swell, on the hush of  
the listening air,

As he lifts the cause of his faithful few to the throne  
of God in prayer :

There are old men, bowed with the weight of years,—  
and young folks fair to see—  
And the Broadsword bare, by the Bible is there, at the  
worshipper's bended knee.

But the clash of conflict stills the prayer, as the scarlet  
horsemen ride,  
And the cruel sabres strew the dead along the moun-  
tain side ;  
And the bloody harvest is gathered in, with a God-ward  
vengeance cry,  
That rings through the world yet, age on age, as the  
true and the faithful die.

O, moorland mist ! or ever I wist, you spake my spirit  
sad,  
As I saw the world so harsh and cold, and with murder  
fever-mad :  
God grant that the times be far away—if ever the  
morning break—  
When men can again be fiends of hell, for the Gali-  
lean's sake.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD OF DRUMCLOG.

SARAH PARKER DOUGLAS (*The Irish Girl*).

MEMORIAL pillar! as to read thy simply-sculptured  
 stone,  
 I stand on this expansive moor where quiet holds her  
 throne;  
 The deep, deep silence which prevails, seems all at once  
 to fly,  
 And sights and sounds of ages gone come back to ear  
 and eye—  
 Comes back the time when prayer and praise uprose  
 from godly men,  
 Whose temple was the lonely heath, the rocky cave and  
 glen,  
 Who, armed and ready for the foe, from bended knee  
 arose,  
 In faith renewed, in courage strong, the tyrant to  
 oppose.

The tyrant, who would interdict all liberty of thought,  
 Compel them to ignore the prayers their infant lips  
 were taught,

And breathe before their father's God dictates of other  
minds,

By law and bigotry enforced, and all that sternly binds.  
But stalwart men of pious heart, in holy union bound,  
Courageously defending right, through all the land were  
found—

A handful here, a handful there, 'gainst mighty hosts  
'tis true,

Who left no cruelty untried their ardour to subdue.

Yet, found unflinching as their sires, whose blood dyed  
many a field,

Who chose them victory or death, but did not, would  
not yield,

To see home altars overthrown, the Book divine des-  
pised,

Religious liberty chained down, which more than life  
they prized.

Brave men ! quick-sighted men ! who saw, despite of  
mask and creed,

The visage of the despot fiend that made their fathers  
bleed,

Whose iron heel appeared again, upraised in savage ire,  
To trample glorious freedom down, and crush it in the  
mire.

•

But words are needless to recall that persecution's  
reign—

How many homes made desolate, how many good men  
slain ;

How many widowed bosoms mourned the husbands of  
their youth,

Yet gloried that they nobly fell for Liberty and Truth.  
The land was stained with martyrs' blood, but heroes  
lived and fought,

Those rights bequeathing to their sons, so bravely,  
dearly bought.

Here, this Memorial Stone attests, assailants were sub-  
dued—

The mossy fields of famed Drumclog with lifeless foe-  
men strewed.

'Tis June's first morn, the Sabbath morn, with its deep  
holy calm !

Dew pearlets glitter on the sward, the air is fraught  
with balm ;

The lark hath left her lowly nest, and up, far upward  
floats,

The pure, clear ether making glad with her sweet matin  
notes,

The spirit of devotion seems to breathe from heath  
and fen,

And from the tranquil heavens above beams Peace,  
good-will to men ;



Yet, nigh the base of yonder hill, whose summit's gilt  
with rays,  
By stealth are met a pious band to join in prayer and  
praise.

There, on the stilly air, ascends each solemn vocal  
sound,  
And there the sacred Book is read with reverence pro-  
found,  
And orisons are offered up in holy faith and zeal,  
Not for deliverance from foes, but for dear Freedom's  
weal.  
And as the sacred melody dies on the genial air,  
And as commingling with the breeze ascends the earnest  
prayer,  
A bugle note comes loud and clear from Loudonhill  
hard by,  
A warning from their sentinel, which tells of danger  
nigh.

The prayer is ended soft and low, then turning undis-  
mayed,  
The worshippers await the foe, in each hand a trusty  
blade.  
Now, Graham of unenvied fame, and troop of mounted  
men,  
Come sweeping furious o'er the brae, and dash towards  
the fen.

They meet—they fight—the clash of steel, loud oaths  
and shrieks of pain,  
Dispel the quiet, which so late held glad and holy reign.  
The neighing wild of struggling steeds plunged in the  
yielding bog,  
With all the din of conflict fierce, resound through lone  
Drumclog.

The contest's o'er, the field is won, the fearful tumult  
dies,  
But anguish moans, and distant sounds of flying hoofs  
arise.  
With remnant of his armed dragoons base Claverhouse  
has fled ;  
The rest bestrew the mossy turf—there writhing, dying,  
dead:  
With vengeful ire had Graham come remorselessly to  
slay  
Those “rebels” termed, who at Drumclog had dared to  
meet and pray.  
Yet not the blood he had designed so ruthlessly to spill,  
Made sanguine yonder battle-field, and dyed yon  
bubbling rill.

The tyrant found the little band with whom he had to  
cope,  
Were men prepared for life or death, for either strong  
in hope.

That hands, so late before their God in supplication  
clasped,

Were those of valour's self, when thus defensive blades  
they grasped.

He saw his scoffing warriors fall before their dauntless  
might,

And raging, vanquished, and pursued, made quick, in-  
glorious flight,

And this Memorial Pillar stands a sacred tribute reared  
In honour of those dauntless men, whose fame's world-  
wide revered.

## THE SONG OF THE PRISONERS.

GEORGE PAULIN.

By the walls of old Dunnottar  
Booms the breaking billow's roar,  
O'er the whitening crest of surges  
Sounds the ocean dirge of yore ;  
As they, rushing, burst in thunder  
On Dunnottar's stormy shore.

Oft the music of the billows  
Mingled with the covenant psalm,  
When the dungeons of Dunnottar  
Held the followers of the Lambs—  
Men who now in heaven are wearing  
Round their brows the victor's palm.

For the westland wild and moorland,  
Hunted by the fierce Dundee,  
Bound and bleeding, now they listened,  
As the surging of the sea  
Shoreward broke, and breaking, mingled  
With their westland melody.

Deem not, tyrants, ye have conquered,  
Though our sires and sons are dead,  
And our limbs are bound and bleeding,  
We have triumphed in our Head !  
For the bridge and braes of Bothwell  
With the blood of Christ are red.

But a time—*the* time is coming,  
When the mosses of the West,  
And the dungeons of Dunnottar,  
And the Bass's rocky breast,  
Shall, upheaving, gladly usher  
Forth, an army of the blest.

Sing, then sing, ye solemn surges !  
Shout thy thunders, mighty main !  
Ours is but a light affliction,  
Fitting us for glory's strain,  
When we meet our slaughter'd kindred,  
With the Lamb who once was slain !

We shall rise above Dunnottar,  
Rise above the sounding sea ;  
Rise above the western moorlands,  
Glorious, beautiful, and free ;  
Meet in cloud of light the Bridegroom—  
None so beautiful as He !

He shall say, " Arise, my fair one ! "

And the shades shall flee away,

And the sleep of death be broken,

And the grave be light as day.

And the sunshine of the "ages

Never ending," round us play.

## PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

A SOUND of conflict in the moss ! but that hath passed  
 away,  
 And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied  
 lay ;  
 But when the sun a second time his fitful splendours  
 gave,  
 One slant ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new  
 made grave !

There had been watchers in the night ! strange watchers  
 gaunt and grim,  
 And wearily, with faint lean hands, they toiled a grave  
 for him ;  
 But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled  
 rest,  
 As orphaned children sat they down, and wept upon his  
 breast.

O ! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones  
 then,  
 A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of  
 men ;

They burrowed, few and lonely, 'mid the chill, dank  
mountain caves,  
For those who once had sheltered them were in their  
martyr graves!

A sword had rested on the land—it did not pass away.  
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned  
no brighter day  
And many had gone back from them, who owned the  
truth of old;  
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold!

There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place  
of rest,  
He cast him down upon the sod; he smote upon his  
breast;  
He wept as only strong men weep, when weep they  
must, or die;  
And, "Oh! to be wi' thee, Ritchie!" was still his bitter  
cry!

"My brother! O my brother! thou hast passed before  
thy time,  
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple  
land of crime;  
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful  
band,  
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine  
hand?



“Alas ! alas ! for Scotland ! the once beloved of heaven ;  
The crown is fallen from her head, her holy garment  
riven.

The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,  
And the voice speaks loud in judgment, which in love  
she would not hear !

“Alas ! alas ! for Scotland ! for her mighty ones are  
gone.

Thou, brother, thou art taken ; I am left almost alone ;  
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is  
dried and lost,

A feeble and an aged man—alone against a host !

“O pleasant was it, Ritchie, when we two could counsel  
take

And strengthen one another to be valiant for his sake.  
Now seems it as the sap were dried from the old blasted  
tree,

And the homeless, and the friendless, would fain lie  
down with thee ! ”

It was an hour of weakness, as the old man bowed his  
head ;

And a bitter anguish rent him, as he communed with  
the dead.

It was an hour of conflict, and he groaned beneath the  
rod ;

But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed  
with his God !

“ My Father ! O my Father ! shall I pray the Tishbite’s  
prayer,

And weary in the wilderness, while Thou wouldst keep  
me there ?

And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,  
To testify for Zion’s King, and the glory of His throne ?

“ O Jesus ! blessed Jesus ! I am poor, and frail, and  
weak,

Let me not utter of mine own, for idle words I speak ;  
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my fal-  
tering tongue,

And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be  
strong !

“ I bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now ;  
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned  
brow ;

For every weary step he trode, in faithful following  
Thee,

And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right  
valiantly !

“ I bless Thee for the hidden ones, who yet uphold Thy  
name,  
Who yet for Zion’s King and Crown shall dare the  
death of shame.  
I bless Thee for the light that dawns even now upon  
my soul,  
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the  
goal !

“ The hour and power of darkness—it is fleeting fast  
away.  
Light shall arise on Scotland, a glorious gospel day.  
Woe ! Woe ! to the oppressers ; they shall shrivel in His  
hand.  
Thy King shall yet appear for thee, thou covenanted  
land !

“ I see a time of respite, but the people will not bow ;  
I see a time of judgment, even a darker time than now.  
Then, Lord, uphold Thy faithful ones, as now Thou dost  
uphold,  
And feed them, as Thou still hast fed Thy chosen flock  
of old !

“ The glory ! O the glory ! it is bursting on my sight.  
Lord ! Thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding  
light !

Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let Thy kingdom come ;  
And, Lord, even in Thine own best time, take Thy poor servant home ! ”

Upon the wild and lone Airmoss, down sat the twilight gray ;  
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day ;  
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given,  
And Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of heaven !

THE COVENANTER'S BATTLE  
CHANT.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

To battle ! to battle !  
     To slaughter and strife !  
 For a sad, broken Covenant  
     We barter poor life.  
 The great God of Judah  
     Shall smite with our hand,  
 And break down the idols  
     That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice  
     In prayer and in song ;  
 Remember ! the battle  
     Is not to the strong :—  
 Lo, the Ammonites thicken !  
     And onward they come,  
 To the vain noise of trumpet,  
     Of cymbal and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,  
    With hagbut and spear ;  
They lust for a banquet  
    That's deathful and dear.  
Now, horseman and footman  
    Sweep down the hill-side :  
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,  
    To die in their pride !

See, long plume and pennon  
    Stream gay in the air ;  
They are given us for slaughter—  
    Shall God's people spare ?  
Nay, nay ; lop them off—  
    Friend, father, and son ;  
All earth is athirst till  
    The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,  
    And lift high the sword !  
For biting must blades be  
    That fight for the Lord.  
Remember, remember,  
    How saints' blood was shed,  
As free as the rain, and  
    Houses desolate made !

Among them !—among them !

Unburied bones cry ;

Avenge us—or like us,

Faith's true martyrs die.

Hew, hew down the spoiler !

Slay on, and spare none :

Then shout forth in gladness,

Heaven's battle is won !

## THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

(From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.)

“O, BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,  
Will ye go to the wood wi' me ?  
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,  
An' gar them trow slain men are we.”

“O no, O no !” says Earlstoun,  
“For that's the thing that mauna be ;  
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
Where I maun either gae or dee.”

“So Earlstoun rose in the morning,  
An' mounted by the break o' day ;  
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.

“Now, farewell, father, and farewell, mother,  
And fare ye weel, my sisters three ;  
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,  
For thee again I'll never see !”



So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,  
An' waly they rode bonnily !  
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',  
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," the Monmouth said,  
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me !  
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,  
The foremost o' your company !"

"But yield your weapons ane an' a',  
O yield your weapons, lads, to me ;  
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,  
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out then spak' a Lennox lad,  
And waly but he spoke bonnily !  
"I winna yield my weapon up,  
To you or nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,  
A' set about wi' bonny blue ;  
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,  
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd their cannons on the height,  
And shower'd their shot down in the howe ;  
An' beat our Scots lads even down,  
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',  
Or yet the arrow frae the bow—  
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,  
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

“O hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry'd,  
“Gi'e quarters to yon men for me !”  
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,  
His cornet's death revenged sud be.

“O hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry'd,  
“If onything you'll do for me ;  
Hold up your hand, you curs'd Græme,  
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be.”

Then wicked Claver'se turned about,  
I wot an angry man was he ;  
And he has lifted up his hat,  
And cry'd, “God bless his Majesty !”

Then he's awa' to London town,  
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree ;  
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,  
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,  
Mony a brave man lies cauld and still ;  
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,  
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

CARGILL TAKEN PRISONER AT  
COVINGTON HILL.

*(July, 1681.)*

JAMES DODDS.

I.

THE Clyde rolls on majestic, beneath a July moon ;  
The sky is calm and cloudless, well-nigh as bright as  
noon ;  
And far into the heavens Cothwhan uplifts his height,  
With his young and floating tresses all bathed in streams  
of light,  
Like some angelic watcher, to watch with radiant eye  
O'er holy Cargill's slumber in the miller's cot hard by.

II.

The blessing rest upon thee, and deep, serene repose !  
And the cloudy pillar hide thee from the fury of thy  
foes !  
With strong heart hast thou wrestled in the fulness of  
the day,  
And thy God shall be thy glory when the earth-lights  
die away.

Whoso are true and faithful unto their latest breath,  
Bud when the false ones wither, and greenest look in  
death.

## III.

But see those forms that darkly from the distant  
heights appear ;  
That hollow sound, whence comes it, like horsemen  
trampling near ?  
'Tis but the dark wood waving where St. John's kirk  
standeth lone,  
And that hollow tramp of horsemen is but the night-  
wind's moan.  
And all is peace and sweetness ; the moon looks from  
on high  
On her cradled children smiling with her blessed  
mother-eye.

## IV.

Ah no ! 'tis not the dark wood, 'tis not the night wind's  
moan ;  
'Tis the savage troops of Bonshaw that are hither  
rushing on.  
The door is burst, the chamber is filled with steel-shod  
feet,  
And the aged slumberer shaken from his slumbers still  
and sweet.

He looks at first half-wildered, then meekly riseth up,  
And with cheerful heart prepareth to drink his Master's  
cup:

V.

Across the Clyde they bear him, and to Lanark roughly  
ride,  
While beneath the horse's belly his legs are closely tied.  
And loud the jeers and laughter, and Bonshaw yells  
with glee,  
"A blessed day for Bonshaw, a blessed prize to me,  
Six thousand merks are clinking on that blessed saddle-  
tree!"

VI.

By the ancient kirk at Lanark, in the eye of all the  
hills,  
Then spake God's ancient servant, and time the word  
fulfils :  
"I tell thee, cruel Bonshaw, that on high hast built thy  
nest,  
By whom God's Church and people so long have been  
opprest,  
Where now thou stand'st exulting in the greatness of  
thy lust,  
A bloody hand from thine own wild band shall strike  
thee to the dust.  
As low as thou art lordly shalt thou welter in thy blood,  
And this shall be ere yon ash tree, again begin to bud."

## VII.

And so before that ash tree again began to bud,  
As low as he was lordly did he welter in his blood.  
A bloody hand from his own wild band did strike him  
to the dust,  
Where then he stood exulting in the greatness of his  
lust.  
By the ancient kirk at Lanark was the mangled carcase  
laid,  
And the word returned not empty which the godly man  
had said.

## VIII.

But gently, like the streamlet that seeks the ocean's  
breast,  
Old Cargill passeth onward to his centre and his rest.  
Even as an aged pilgrim, who sadly toils along,  
Enters the city gladly at the quiet even song.

## IX.

The wise and wakeful virgins, whose lamps were  
trimmed and bright,  
Went forth to meet the bridegroom at the midwatch of  
the night,  
And dreaded not the darkness, their lamps so clearly  
burned,  
But forth they went rejoicing, and with bridal wreaths  
returned.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD,  
MY JEANIE. \*

(*A Covenanter's Love-Song.*)

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine !  
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven  
That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,  
An' the heart that wad part sic love ;  
But there's nae hand can loose the band,  
Save the finger o' God above.  
Tho' the wee, wee cot, maun be my bield,  
An' my claithing e'er sae mean,  
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,  
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean !

---

\* From Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,"  
but undoubtedly the production of Cunningham.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,  
Fu' safer than the down,  
An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,  
An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,  
Come here and kneel wi' me ;  
The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,  
An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,  
The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,  
Our gude-man leans owre his kail-yard dyke,  
An' a blythe auld body is he.  
The Book maun be taen when the carle comes hame,  
Wi' the holie psalmodie,  
An' thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
An' I will speak o' thee !



## OUR FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY.

WILLIAM M'COMB.

OUR Fathers, where are they—the faithful and wise ?  
They are gone to their mansions prepared in the skies ;  
With the ransomed in glory, forever they sing,  
All worthy the Lamb, our Redeemer and King.

Our Fathers, who were they ? Men strong in the Lord,  
Who were nurtured and fed with the milk of the Word ;  
Who breathed in the freedom their Saviour had given,  
And fearlessly waved their blue banner to heaven.

Our Fathers, how lived they ? In fasting and prayer,  
Still grateful for blessing, and willing to share  
Their bread with the hungry, their basket and store,  
Their home with the homeless that came to the door.

Our Fathers, where knelt they ? Upon the green sod,  
And poured out their hearts to their covenant God ;  
And oft in the deep glen, beneath the wild sky,  
The songs of their Zion were wafted on high.

Our Fathers, how died they ? They valiantly stood  
The rage of the foeman, and sealed with their blood,  
By "faithful contendings," the faith of their sires,  
'Mid tortures, in prisons, on scaffolds, in fires.

Our Fathers, where sleep they ? Go search the wild  
    cairn,  
Where the birds of the hill make their nests in the fern ;  
Where the dark purple heather, and bonny blue bell,  
Deck the mountain and moor, where our forefathers fell.

## THE COVENANTER'S HYMN.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

DARING a tyrant's laws,  
 Harried of home,  
 All for the Covenant cause,  
 Friendless I roam ;  
 Better a mountain cave,  
 Better a moorland grave,  
 Never a priestly slave  
 Shall I become.

Safe in my rocky lair,  
 Joyous my voice,  
 Hunger and cold I bear,  
 Still I rejoice ;  
 Never a conscience-chain,  
 Never a coward's stain  
 Shall in my breast remain,  
 Freedom's my choice.

Hunted as human game,  
 Shot on the heath,  
 Many of martyr name  
 Slumber in death ;

O ! from their blood shall rise  
Freedom's immortal cries  
Till every tyrant lies  
Crushed by its breath.

Surely this glorious day  
Scotland shall see,  
When from oppression's sway  
Raised she shall be ;  
Ruler of earthly things,  
Keep her beneath Thy wings,  
Guard her from priests and kings,  
Scotland ! the free.

## THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

HID in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,  
 Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,  
 The Martyr's Grave that we kent langsyne  
 Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen ;  
 An' the glen whaur, forfouchen an' hunted sair,  
 He socht for a den by the roebuck's lair.

Alane, on the bill-tap stern an' grey,  
 Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,  
 He thoct o' the Lord and His promise guid,  
 For the faith o' the Covenant life was true ;  
 An' a sweet dream cam' owre his wearied sicht,  
 Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns' o' licht.

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,  
 Far frae the love o' his kith an' kin,  
 He still was leal to the grand auld League,  
 For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin ;  
 An' the croun was his that the sainted wear,  
 For it glintit aft on his broo o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,  
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,  
Sae he didna flee frae the 'oor o' doom,  
His fathers' God was his only trust ;  
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,  
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

## THE DEATHBED OF RUTHERFORD.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

TREAD lightly through the darkened room, for a sick  
 man lieth there,  
 And, 'mid the dimness, only stirs the whispered breath  
 of prayer ;  
 As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly  
 bed,  
 Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must  
 wrap the dead !

Hours hath he known of fevered pain, but now his rest  
 is calm,  
 As though upon the spirit worn distilled some healing  
 balm.  
 It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed  
 words,  
 Or drinks once more the matin song of Anworth's  
 "blessed birds !" \*

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\* Only I think the sparrows and swallows that build, their  
 nests in the kirk of Anworth, "blessed birds."—RUTHERFORD'S  
 LETTERS.

O ! green and fresh upon his soul, those early haunts  
arise,

His kirk, his home, his wild wood walk, with all their  
memories ;

The very rushing of the burn, by which so oft he trod,  
The while on eagle wings of faith his spirit met its God !

A smile hath brightened on his lip—a light around his  
brow.

Oh ! surely, “ words unspeakable,” that dreamer listeth  
now ;

And glories of the upper sky, his raptured senses steep,  
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved  
ones sleep !

But hark!—a sound!—a tramp of horse!—a loud, harsh  
wrangling din !

Oh ! rudely on that dream of heaven, this world hath  
broken in.

In vain affection’s earnest plea—the intruders forward  
press ;

And with a struggling spasm of pain, he wakes to con-  
sciousness !

Strange lights are streaming through the room ; strange  
forms are round his bed.

Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound  
of dread—



“False traitor to thy country’s laws and to thy  
sovereign lord,  
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou felon Rutherford !”

Feebly the sick man raised his hand—his hand so thin  
and pale,  
And something in the hollow eye, made that rude  
speaker quail :  
“Man ! thou hast sped thine errand well ! yet is it  
wasted breath,  
Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst  
with death !

“A few brief days, or briefer hours and I am going  
home  
Unto mine own prepared place where but few great  
ones come.  
And to the judgment seat of Him, who sealed me with  
His seal ;  
'Gainst evil tongues, and evil men, I make my last  
appeal !

“A traitor was His name on earth ! a felon’s doom His  
fate.  
Thrice welcome were my Master’s cup, but it hath come  
too late.

The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings  
must bow,  
Is on me for an earlier day—is on me even now !

“I hear—I hear—the chariot wheels, that bring my  
Saviour nigh ;  
For me He bears a golden crown—a harp of melody ;  
For me He opens wide His arms—He shows His  
wounded side—  
Lord ! ’tis my passport into life ! I live—for Thou hast  
died !”

They give his writings to the flames ; they brand his  
grave with shame ;  
A hissing in the mouth of fools becomes his honoured  
name ;  
And darkness wraps awhile the land, for which he  
prayed and strove,  
But blessed in the Lord his death, and blest his rest  
above !

## THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

REV. DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

THERE was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,  
Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay ;  
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,  
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying  
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey ;  
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,  
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—  
The man and the maiden, the green and the gray ;  
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—  
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimsoned with slaughters,  
And the blood of the martyrs has reddened the clay ;  
And dark desolation broods over the nation,  
For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together,  
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay ;  
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,  
Though far from their kindred they moulder away !

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,  
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day ;  
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,  
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

## COVENANT TIMES.

HUGH C. WILSON.

AWAKE, my harp ! ring out thy notes, ring out thy  
richest strain,  
O'er those who boldly dared for love of God's cause to  
be slain ;  
Tell thou each Christian of to-day, who by the wayside  
faints,  
Of times when Scotia's plaid was dyed with life-blood  
of the saints ;  
When everywhere, by hill and glen, within the stricken  
land,  
Who held the Bible, also held their lives within their  
hand ;  
When righteous men were hunted down like wild  
beasts of the field—  
Brave men, who in the cause of truth, would rather die  
than yield.

Lo ! deep from wild sequestered glen, amidst the  
Sabbath calm,  
Arises through the early mists, to Heaven the morning  
psalm ;

Then on the sward, when knees are pressed and every  
heart is bare,  
Their hearts rise with the speaker's voice, up to the  
throne in prayer.  
The aged pastor reads the word from God's own sacred  
page—  
Perhaps, where David sought the Lord to quell the  
heathen's rage ;  
Again a psalm they sweetly chant, then kneeling down  
to pray :  
“ Oh ! help us, Lord, to do thy will—protect us through  
this day.”

With Bible placed upon a rock, he then expounds the  
word :  
But, hark ! like wind among the trees, a murmuring is  
heard,  
As when far out the sailor hears across his trackless  
path  
The tempest breathe o'er ocean vast a telegram of  
wrath.  
An awful stillness intervenes, then borne along they  
hear,  
Much louder now, like troubled winds, the murmur  
coming near.  
Each heart stands still, the cheeks are blanched, the  
speaker's voice is dumb ;  
Their sentry calls from off the height, “ The king's  
dragoons—they come ! ”

“Be calm, be calm, my children dear, and on the Lord  
rely ;

He ever ready is to save the needy when they cry ;  
Mysterious unto us His ways, but, blessed be His name,  
We yet may wear a robe of light—our foes a crown of  
shame.

Adown the glen now while you may, seek safety all in  
flight,

But draw your blades, ye trusty few, who yet may  
have to fight ;

The aged and the feeble first ; haste ! for they hurry  
near ;

The women and the children next ; ye strong men,  
guard the rear.”

The holy man, when left alone, sank down behind a  
rock.

“Heed, heed not me, O Lord !” he cried, “but spare,  
oh spare thy flock !

Thy hand lies heavy on the land, oh lift Thy chastening  
rod,

If 'tis Thy holy will to hear my humble prayer, O God !  
And bless wherever met this day, in cave or lonely glen,  
Thy chosen few, and teach them, Lord, to bear them-  
selves like men ;

And help Thy humble servant now, and hear his earnest  
cry ;

If in his en'my's hand he fall, oh give him strength to  
die.”

The captain came. "Now hoary scamp to flames thy  
Bible fling,  
And on your knees go down and swear allegiance to  
the King."

"To Heaven's high King alone, but not to false King  
James, or thou,  
While life blood warms this aged frame, these knees  
will ever bow."

"Form round, and ready, then, my lads, his blood be  
on his head.

"King James or death?" "Heaven's King alone! I  
have already said."

Flash! went the guns, down sank the saint, thrust by  
the tyrant's rod,

With horrid oaths into his ears, before Thy throne, O  
God!

O Scotland! Scotland! scenes like these may well draw  
burning tears,

When fiendish men insult thy maids and murder all  
thy seers.

But yet tho' rude and rough equipped, thy Hillmen  
were not slow,

When band and band together met to face the ruthless  
foe.

Then as a hundred sturdy men cleave down the forest  
oaks,



'Midst battle's shout and horrid din, so rose and fell  
their strokes.

Plumed helmets then were cleft in twain—"Our hearts  
and homes," they cry ;

And fighting fell, or conquered there, but scorned to  
yield or fly.

On many a lonely mountain waste, by many a trackless  
way,

A cairn tells where a hero sleeps, to Scotland of to-day.  
Lo ! far on lone Corsgellioch moor, where heath fowls  
build their nest,

And lambkins frisk among the knowes—three martyrs  
lie at rest.

At Cumnock, too, now undisturbed beneath the Peden's  
Thorn,

Three lie beside the Seer, who held the tyrant's law in  
scorn.

And hundreds more the country round, from age to  
tender youth,

A mighty cloud of witnesses, who died for love of  
truth.

Ring out, my harp, o'er scenes like these—ring out thy  
loftiest strain,

In memory of those who dared for God's cause to be  
slain.

Tell of the Covenanting times, when Scotland boldly  
thrust

Those cursed chains beneath her feet, and trod them in  
the dust.

Praise to the Covenanters' God, to whom all praise is  
due,

That Bibles now in every hand are seen the country  
through.

And praise be to His holy name, that ever men were  
found

To beard the brutish Roman beast and smite him to  
the ground.

## THE LAND OF THE MARTYRS.

REV. JAMES G. SMALL.

I SAID my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a use-  
less thing :

I said that thou, my joyous muse, must curb thine  
eager wing ;

I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim path along,  
Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice  
of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild  
martyr land !

I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand.  
If on these scenes that stretch around mine eye  
unmoved should look,

The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly  
mild rebuke.

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their  
pebbled bed,

The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived  
and bled ;

And still they seem to image, in their pure and peaceful flow,

The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them long ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their memory still,

There stands for them a monument in every rugged hill ;

And yet along the mountain side a lingering echo floats  
Where oft of old their song of praise sent up its joyful notes.

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,

And while all Nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be dumb ?

Ah ! no ; nor is his voice unheard—the same rejoicing strain

That gladdened once the wilderness, is thrilling there again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb, amid the green Glencairn,

'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of long and drear Carsphairn ;

'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks of Ayr,

Where Welsh and Guthrie raised of old the voice of praise and prayer.

'Tis heard where lie the bones of him \* who lived to  
preach and pray,  
And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody  
fray ;  
'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith, and sweeps  
the placid Dee ;  
It mingles with the voice of streams, and with the  
sounding sea.

'Tis heard beside the rude grey stones,† where oft, in  
days of old,  
The holy convocation met, the sacred feast to hold :  
Green Anwoth's ‡ heights have heard afar the same  
triumphant song,  
And all the echoing rocks around the hallowed strain  
prolong.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose  
blood was shed  
Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living  
Head—  
Where'er a fearless heart shakes off the world's debasing  
bonds,  
And to the known, the thrilling voice of Christ, the  
King, responds.

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\* Cameron, of whom it was said that he "lived preaching and praying, and died praying and fighting."

† The communion stones at Irongray.

‡ Where Rutherford was for some time minister.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now of stedfast men  
and true,  
Where once the scattered remnant met—the faithful  
but the few,  
And still more loud that strain shall swell, though hand  
should join in hand,  
From moor to hill, from hill to shore, to drive the  
dauntless band.

Vain thought that they whose breasts were warmed  
with blood of martyred sires  
Whose song of praise, unsilenced rose, 'mid tortures,  
chains, and fires,  
Should shrink because the tempest-gloom hangs louring  
o'er their path,  
Or quail before the ruder storm of man's relentless  
wrath !

Vain thought that they whose eyes are fixed in  
confidence and love  
On Him who deigned to leave for them His glorious  
home above,  
And for the joy before Him set, such bitter anguish  
bore,  
Should fear to tread the roughest way which He has  
trod before !

Ah ! no ; where'er the Shepherd leads, the trusting  
sheep will go—

Rejoicing still to follow Him, because His voice they  
know ;

And pleasant is the path to them though rugged oft it  
be,

Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along  
the lea.

## THE MARTYR'S PROPHECY.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

"A BLUIDY sword for Scotland!" a bluidy, bluidy  
sword,

When her lion tramples in the dust the banner of the  
Lord;

When her sheep are scattered o'er the hills, her prayers  
on the breeze,

And Israel hangs her broken harp upon the willow  
trees.

"A bluidy sword for Scotland!"—dark nights of  
trouble haste,

When her Father's house is desolate, her pleasant things  
laid waste,

When the holy place is burned with fire—and clouds of  
judgment dire

Make dim the golden candlesticks, that bear her spirit-  
fire.

"A bluidy sword for Scotland!" when floods of war  
shall come,

And separate in bloodless strife the father and the son;



The shepherd in the pasture fold must leave his bleating sheep,  
His children wander from the hearth, in homeless want to weep.

“A bluidy sword for Scotland!” when truth in dust shall hide,  
The faithful in the furnace be like gold and silver tried,  
Till walking forth, thro’ seven fires, His image pure they bear ;  
In terror like a bannered host—in light, a sunshine fair.

When Justice on the throne of kings shall whet her glittering sword,  
When marshall’d hosts shall lift on high the standard of the Lord ;  
To write anew her covenant these witness-clouds shall come,  
As doves unto their windows flock, the faithful gather home.

When her watchmen shall anoint the shield, and gird them for the fight,  
And blow the trumpet thro’ the land, to war against the night,  
When the dragon teareth in his wrath the “Plant of high Renown,”  
And pilfers from the “Prince of Peace” the jewels of His crown.

## THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BROWN.

HUGH BROWN.

LIST to the tale of one who faultless fell,  
Whose humble tombstone decks the moorland dell.

Far on the moor his lonely cot was placed,  
A rude unpolished gem upon the waste.  
The smoke curled lonely, 'mid the air on high  
A moment hung and melted in the sky ;  
Where the brook murmured, and the mountain frowned  
Through the far-stretching wilderness around ;  
The wild winged denizens of ether sung ;  
The shepherd on the breeze his music flung ;  
The sweet toned melody of nature there,  
Thrilled in sweet carols through the summer air.  
The peaceful inmates of that humble hearth,  
Lived like primeval dwellers of the earth—  
Summer had smiles that charmed the lingering hour,  
With winds perfumed from moss and mountain flower.  
Cloud, sunshine, stream, the daisy on the sod,  
Raised their unbiassed hearts in praise to God.  
When winter swathed the land with unstained snow,  
It came the type of holiness below ;

When the unfettered tempest, high and strong,  
Rocked the lone cottage as it swept along,  
Trusting in Him who guides the storm's career,  
'Twas God's own music to the listening ear.

Cast on the troubled waters of the time,  
When prayer was treason, piety a crime ;  
When persecution raised her red right hand  
To crush the germ of freedom through the land ;  
Then oft that cottage light, though faint and far,  
Shone to the wanderer, as the guiding star  
Shines to the sailor on a stormy sea,  
Beaming with hope of happiness to be.

Summer's first morn had dawned upon the wild,  
And nature's fair and lovely features smiled,  
When pious Brown, with day's first beam arose,  
And called his slumbering children from repose.  
They gathered round the cottage hearth, to raise  
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,  
The holy untaught melody of the heart,  
Dearer to heaven than all the pomp of art.  
Unheard by human ear the cadence dies,  
Its last faint murmurs mingling with the skies.  
He read of Love, from Mercy's hallowed Book,  
Felt in his heart, and glowing in his look :  
Hoping, exulting o'er the promise given,  
That brightened weeping hours with hopes of heaven ;

Knelt with his children at the eternal throne,  
And pleaded with a fervour not his own ;  
Breathed, from a holy heaven-born influence given,  
The language of a spirit fit for heaven ;  
His soul entranced with high devotion's glow,  
Forgot he was a sufferer here below—  
When lo ! a shriek ! the startled echoes rang  
With neighing war-steeds, and the warrior's clang  
Woke him to earth, and drew him from the sky,  
To clasp his weeping family and die.  
Firm in the spirit of his prayer he stood,  
Resigned, yet fearless ; calm, but unsubdued.  
“Prepare !” the dark and fierce avenger cried ;  
“Prepare !” his language, in his hour of pride.

The good man knelt upon the flowery heath,  
Soon to be crimsoned with the tide of death ;  
His farewell prayer of triumph and repose ;  
Heaven's glories dawning o'er his earthly woes,  
In the true martyr's spirit, plead with heaven,  
His death, his country's wrongs, might be forgiven,  
And more than angel's eloquence imparts—  
It touched the tearless soldiers' iron hearts ;  
And pity checked that dark and bloody horde,  
Save one—the bosom of their savage lord.  
The martyr rose, with calm, unruffled breast,  
Like one prepared for everlasting rest.  
His weeping little ones were clustered near ;

He kissed each child, and dropped a parting tear ;  
A long farewell breathed to his faithful wife ;  
And nature for a moment clung to life !  
When loud and high the leader's stern command  
Rose fierce, but vain, above that bloody band.  
Though stain'd with slaughter's darkest, foulest hue,  
No arm was raised, no death-winged bullet flew.  
The ruthless Clavers raised his hand on high,  
Rage in his heart, and mockery in his eye ;  
A moment—and the martyred hero lay  
Redeemed with blood ; his soul had passed away !  
From death and insult springing to a throne,  
The guilt his foe's, the triumph all his own.

The Theban mother gloried in her son,  
Borne on his shield, from battle he had won ;  
The peasant's wife, far on the Scottish moor,  
With none to soothe, did heavier grief endure ;  
The Christian matron, to her nature true,  
Leaned o'er her slaughtered lord, and triumphed too.

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

THE Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,  
 And Scotland with a frown, bears her fetters as she  
     may ;—  
 And the sun looks down between auld Nithsdale's hills  
     of green,  
 Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his  
     way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from its source,  
 The more we see its force, it the sooner meets the sea ;  
 For young his crown was won, and soon his race was  
     run,  
 And many a weary one with the Martyr fain would be!

And years had come and gane, since the day the martyrs  
     slain  
 (No more at Sanquhar's stane, but before the King on  
     High !)  
 Had the Covenant renewed, they had solemn sealed in  
     blood,  
 And in victors' robes had stood in the assembly of the  
     sky.

And there amang the heather—his thin hands clasped  
together,  
And his weary glance up thither where the paths of  
victory lie—  
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,  
And, “O to be wi’ Ritchie !” is the burden of his cry.

The mountain-mist and snows had been sent to blind  
his foes,  
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet once again ;  
And the prayer his faith had spoken, received an  
answering token,  
When the golden bowl was broken, and the Saint forgot  
his pain !

## PATRICK LAING.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON (*"Surfaceman."*)

THE deid sleep soun' in the auld kirkyaird,  
 At the fit o' the hills sae steep;  
 They dream sweet dreams aneath the swaird,  
 An' lang an' still is their sleep:  
 The whaup comes doon wi' an eerie cry,  
 An' the peesweep flaps a' day,  
 But they canna wauken the deid that lie,  
 At rest in their shrouds o' clay.

The grass grows lang, an' waves at the heid  
 An' fit o' each sunk thrauch stane;  
 "Oh! waes me!" it sighs "for the faithfu' deid,  
 That canna come back again."  
 Then the win's tak' it up, an' they cry to me  
 As I lie on the grassy swaird:  
 "We had ane wha kent hoo to live an' dee,  
 An' he sleeps in the auld kirkyaird."

For when hate like a clud hung ower the land,  
 For the faith his fathers knew,  
 He took to the hills wi' the sword in his hand,  
 To fecht for the gude an' the true;



An' when the storm o' his life grew still,  
They laid him doon to his rest,  
In the auld kirkyaird at the fit o' the hill,  
Wi' the green swaird on his breast.

An' what tho' nae stane can be seen at his heid,  
There is Ane wha dwells abune  
That kens o' his grave where the grasses wave,  
Wi' its kindly heart within ;  
An' when at the last the trumpet blast  
Shall bid the heavens be bared,  
Then God will keep min' o' that ae leal heart,  
That sleeps in the auld kirkyaird.

## PEDEN'S GRAVE.\*

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

LONG were his troubles, and watchings o' night,  
 Wrestlings till grey o' the morn,  
 At last from death-couch on the moor,  
 To the kirkyard tenderly borne.

By Lugar side low he was laid,  
 Lovingly happed with the sod;  
 From earth they asked nought but a grave,  
 His spirit at rest with his God!

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\* The prophet-preacher was first laid in the churchyard of Auchinleck in the Laird's Aisle. After six weeks his body was taken up, and thence carried or dragged by a party of dragoons to the place of public execution on a hill near the adjoining village of Cumnock, where it was re-interred "out of contempt." The following is the inscription on his tomb in Cumnock churchyard:—"Here lies Mr. Alexander Peden, Faithful Minister of the Gospel, sometime of Glenluce, who departed this mortal life the 26th of January, 1686, and was raised after six weeks out of the graiuf, and buried here out of contempt. Memento Mori."

The people of Cumnock, who had formerly buried in the churchyard round the Church, in the hollow where the village stands, abandoned their ancient burial-place, and formed a new one on the Gallows Hill, enclosing in it Peden's Grave. Within the rails that surround the preacher's tomb lie the remains of the Covenanters, David Dun, and Simon Paterson, who were both shot on the spot where they are buried. Two hawthorn trees grow above the graves.—JOHN VEITCH.

But out of God's aere hate tore him,  
Out of the sacred kirkyard,  
No rest there for God's own elect,  
The place of crime his award.

Through Lugar's deep woods he was borne ;  
Birds hushed their carolling,  
As onwards the ghastly shudder crept,—  
Dead face through the leafy Spring !

They have dragged him on up the brae,  
To a hole 'neath the Gallows Tree ;  
There to lie and rot in contempt,—  
I' the place of shame aye to be !

Yes ! wreak your poor hate on the corpse,  
No doubt the work's to your will !  
The soul's might is too high for your scope,  
Or the martyr spirit to still !

Ye ne'er scrupled to quench a man's life,  
Or hack the corpse with the sword,  
No more would have spared the dead Christ,  
The face of the crucified Lord !

Think you, have you power o'er the man,  
Who degrade the mortal form ?

Are ye deaf to a people's murmuring,  
That swells to the sweep of a storm ?

Cavaliers, forsooth ! Cavaliers !  
Proud in your mindless might !  
For order, for law, for the King ?  
How stand you there in God's sight ?

Can we hope hearts like yours will e'er learn  
That conscience and freedom are things  
Which in Union make noblest law,  
Whence alone true order springs ?

Think ! no more in the old graveyard  
Will any one bury his dead !  
They carry them high to the Gallows Hill,  
And lay them there at his head !

Love seals with the silence of death,  
Whence hate sought to blast his name ;  
Hearts are drawn to the Saint lifted up  
Christlike in the glory of shame !

Mute Nature e'en yearns o'er the spot  
Earth and heaven their offerings bring,  
The hawthorn grows green o'er his sod,  
It blesses with sweet blossoming.

## THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

O WALY waly up the glen,  
 And waly waly o'er the moor !  
 The land is full of bloody men,  
 Who hunt to death the friendless poor !  
 We brook the rule of robbers wild ;  
 They tear the son from his father's lands,  
 They tear the mother from her child,  
 They tear the Bible from our hands !

Last night, as I came o'er the moor,  
 And stood upon the grey hill-crown,  
 I saw the red flames rise wi' power  
 Frae the lone house o' Alik Brown,  
 The godless grim dragoons were there,  
 And Clavers spake, that swearing loon,  
 "So burn the nest, so smoke the lair  
 Of all that dare to think wi' Brown !"

O blessed Lord, who rul'st in Heaven,  
 Who preached Thy gospel to the poor,

How long shall Thy best friends be driven

Like hunted hares from moor to moor ?

Arise, O Lord, Thy saints deliver,

This land from ruthless despots free !

'Neath wintry skies we sit and shiver,

But times of gladness come from Thee.

## BOTHWELL BRIG.

JAMES HOGG (*The Ettrick Shepherd.*)

“ OH what is become o’ your leal good man,  
     That now you are a’ your lane ?  
 If he has join’d wi’ the rebel gang,  
     You will never see him again ? ”

“ Oh say nae ‘ the rebel gang,’ ladye ;  
     It’s a term nae heart can thole,  
 For them wha rebel against their God,  
     It is justice to control.

“ When rank oppression rends the heart,  
     And rules wi’ stroke o’ death,  
 Wha wadna spend their dear heart’s blood  
     For the tenets o’ their faith ?

“ Then say nay ‘ the rebel gang,’ ladye,  
     For it gies me muckle pain ;  
 My John went away with Earlston,  
     And I’ll never see either again.”

“ Oh wae is my heart for thee, Janet,  
Oh sair is my heart for thee !  
These Covenant men were ill advised ;  
They are fools, you may credit me.”

“ Where’s a’ their boastfu’ preaching now  
Against their king and law,  
When mony a head in death lies low,  
And mony mae maun fa’ ? ”

“ Ay, but death lasts no for aye, ladye,  
For the grave maun yield its prey ;  
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,  
We’ll see wha are fools that day :

“ We’ll see wha looks in their Saviour’s face  
With holiest joy and pride,  
Whether they who shed His servants’ blood,  
Or those who for Him died.

“ I wadna be the highest dame  
That ever this country knew,  
And take my chance to share the doom  
Of that persecuting crew.

“ Then ca’ us na ‘ rebel gang,’ ladye,  
Nor take us fools to be,



For there isna ane o' a' that gang  
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"Oh, weel may you be, my poor Janet,  
May blessings on you combine !  
The better you are in either state,  
The less shall I repine ;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,  
Your ravings and your rage,  
There you have lost a leal helpmate  
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,  
Wi' these twa babies sweet ?  
Ye hae naebody now to work for them,  
Or bring you a meal o' meat ;"

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae,  
And gars me, while scarce aware,  
Whiles say the things I wadna say  
O' them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kissed her youngest babe,  
And the tears fell on his cheek,  
And they fell upon his swaddling bands,  
For her heart was like to break.

“ Oh, little do I ken, my dear, dear babes,  
What misery's to be mine !  
But for the cause we hae espoused,  
I will yield my life and thine.

“ Oh, had I a friend, as I hae nane—  
For nane dare own me now—  
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,  
If the killers wad but allow,

“ To lift the corpse of my brave John ;  
I ken where they will him find ;  
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,  
And he'll hae nae wound behind.”

“ But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet—  
There was nane durst hinder me—  
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,  
And to see what I could see ;

“ And there I found your brave husband,  
As viewing the dead my lane,  
He was lying in the very foremost rank  
In the midst o' a heap o' slain.”

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,  
And she grat, and she tore her hair :

“ O, sweet ladye, O, dear ladye,  
Dinna tell me ony mair !

“ There is a hope will linger within,  
When earthly hope is vain ;  
But, when ane kens the very worst,  
It turns the heart to stane ! ”

“ ‘ Oh, wae is my heart, John Carr,’ said I,  
‘ That I this sight should see ! ’  
But when I said these waefu’ words,  
He liftit his een to me :

“ ‘ Oh, art thou there, my kind ladye,  
The best o’ this warld’s breed,  
And are you ganging your leefu’ lane  
Amang the hapless dead ? ’

“ ‘ I hae servant within my ca’, John Carr,  
And a chariot in the dell,  
And if there is ony hope o’ life,  
I will carry you hame mysel’.

“ ‘ O, ladye, there is nae hope o’ life ;  
And what were life to me ?  
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,  
To hang on a gallows tree ?

“ ‘ I hae nae hame to fly to now,  
Nae country and nae kin ;  
There is not a door in fair Scotland  
Durst open to let me in.

“ ‘ But I hae a loving wife at hame,  
And twa babies, dear to me ;  
They hae naebody now that dares favour them,  
And o’ hunger they a’ maun dee.

“ ‘ Oh, for the sake o’ thy Saviour dear,  
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,  
Dear ladye, take the sackless things  
A wee beneath thy care !

“ ‘ A lang farewell, my kind ladye !  
O’er weel I ken thy worth ;  
Gae send me a drink o’ the water o’ Clyde,  
For my last drink on earth.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, dinna tell me ony mair, ladye,  
For my heart is cauld as clay ;  
There is a spear that pierces here  
Frae every word ye say.”

“ ‘ He wasna feared to dee, Janet,  
For he gloried in his death,

And wished to be laid with those who had bled  
For the same endearing faith.

“ There were three wounds in his buirdly breast,  
And his limb was broke in twain,  
And the sweat ran down wi’ his red heart’s blood,  
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

“ I row’d my apron round his head,  
For fear my men should tell,  
And I hid him in my lord’s castle,  
And I nursed him there mysel’.

“ And the best leeches in a’ the land  
Have tended him as he lay,  
And he never has lacked my helping hand,  
By night nor yet by day.

“ I durstna tell you before, Janet,  
For I fear’d his life was gane ;  
But now he’s sae weel, ye may visit him,  
And ye’se meet by yoursel’s alane.”

Then Janet she fell at her lady’s feet,  
And she claspit them fervently,  
And she steepit them a’ wi’ the tears o’ joy,  
Till the good lady wept to see.

“ Oh, ye are an angel sent frae heaven  
To lighten calamity !  
For, in distress, a friend or foe  
Is a' the same to thee.

“ If good deeds count in heaven, ladye,  
Eternal bliss to share,  
Ye hae done a deed will save your soul,  
Tho' ye should never do mair.”

“ Get up, get up, my kind Janet,  
But never trow tongue or pen  
That a' the world are lost to good  
Except the Covenant men.”

Wha wadna hae shared that lady's joy  
When watching the wounded hind,  
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,  
Which her kind heart resigned ?

Wha wadna rather share that lady's fate,  
When the stars shall melt away,  
Than that of the sternest anchorite  
That can naething but graen and pray ?

THE PERSECUTED PEESWEEP; OR,  
THE COVENANTER'S CURSE.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

DEAR Peesweep ! with thy neck of green and gold,  
Square, quivering wings ; like Highland Chief's thy  
    crest,  
Wheeling and hovering, rarely found at rest—  
What slaughters of thy race have cottars' told !  
Eyes gently-wild, tho' bright yet never bold,  
'Twas thought search'd out the hillmen as they pressed  
Of Mother Earth the damp and dangerous breast ;  
Not thine the purpose to betray their hold.  
Nay ! strong maternal instinct moving thee  
To lure them from thy callow brood away ;  
In thine anxiety to have them flee  
For refuge to some cave that distant lay.  
Sorely misjudged—while making matters worse—  
Earning for thee the Covenanters' curse.

## THE MARTYRS' GRAVES.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

O ! MARTYR-SPRINKLED Scotland,  
Thy covenanted dust,  
Like gold amid our mountains,  
Gleams through tradition's rust.

We bless the hands that tear away  
Dark weeds from martyr graves,  
And graving o'er Time's mossy urns,  
Faith's witness-story saves.

Thy old grey stones are sprinkled with  
"Blood poured like water free,"  
And speak in holy oracles,  
Oh ! martyr-land, to thee.

These altar stones of sacrifice  
Incarnate truth hath stored,  
Where faith, in love-drawn characters,  
Her red libation poured.



Like promise-stars in heaven's eye,  
The lyart and the leal  
Sleep lonely by the heath-bound tarn,  
Where eerie cries the teal.

Their prophet-mantles rolled in blood,  
By tribulation riven,  
From Scotland's ark drove back the flood  
"That chased them up to heaven."

Where Peden bold, in flood and fold,  
On mountain, moor, or glen,  
All seer-like, bore salvation's cup  
To fainting martyr-men ;

When heaven's brooding wing of love,  
Like Israel's pillar-cloud,  
Them lapped in nature's misty tent,  
A prayer-woven shroud.

Their home was oft the mountain cave,  
Their couch the waving fern ;  
Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,  
In moorlands dark and stern.

'Mid bleatings of the mountain lamb,  
The melody of rills,

The moss-hag, 'mid the purple blooms  
Deep in the heathy hills ;

The old cairn, where the plover wails,  
And fern or thistle waves,  
'Mid green spots in the wilderness—  
There seek the martyrs' graves.

## JOHN FRAZER.\*

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

JOHN FRAZER was a pious man,  
 Who dwelt in lone Dalquhairn,  
 Where huge hills feed the founts of Ken,  
 'Twixt Sanquhar and Carsphairn.

King Charles, he was a despot fell ;  
 With harlots and buffoons  
 He filled his court, and scoured the hills  
 With troopers and dragoons.

One night in bleak December,  
 When snow was drifting down,  
 John Frazer sat by his ingle-side  
 With his guid wife Marion.

Tramp, tramp !—Who's there ?—'Tis they, O Heaven !  
 The Devil's own errand loons !

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\* This ballad of characteristic humour is printed with corrections specially made for this collection by its distinguished author.

They've lifted the latch, and there they stand,  
Six striding stark dragoons !

They bound his arms and legs with thongs,  
As hard as they were able ;  
Then took him where their horses stood,  
And locked him in the stable.

Then back to the house they came, and bade  
The sorrowful guidwife pour  
The stout brown ale—for well they knew  
She kept a goodly store.

The guidwife was a prudent dame,  
The stout brown ale brought she ;  
They filled and quaffed, and quaffed and filled,  
And talked with boisterous glee.

And many an ugly oath they swore,  
That made the guidwife turn pale ;  
But she smoothed her face with a decent grace,  
And still she poured the ale.

Then up and spake the first dragoon,  
Now mount and grip the reins, boys !  
It suits not well that a bold dragoon  
Should drink away his brains, boys !

Then up they rose, and, with an oath,  
Went reeling to the stable ;  
Their steeds bestrode, and off they rode  
As fast as they were able.

With lamp in hand the guidwife rose  
And to the stable ran,  
And looked, and looked, till in a nook  
She found her own guidman !

Eftsoons she brought a huge sharp knife,  
And cut the thongs in tway ;  
“ Now run, guidman, and save thy life !  
They’ll be back by break o’ day ! ”

And off he ran, like a practised man—  
For oft for his life ran he—  
And lurked in the hills, till God cast down  
King Charles and his company.

And lived to tell, when over the wave  
Went James with his Popish loons ;  
How God by stout brown ale did save  
His life from the drunk dragoons.

# BALLAD OF THE NEW MONKLAND MARTYR.

JANET HAMILTON.

DOCHTER PEGGY sat on the kiln,  
 An' watch'd owre her faither's life,  
 For he had been at Both'ell brig,  
 An' joined in the bluidy strife.

They socht him air, they socht him late,  
 Four lang years an' a day,  
 But ne'er cou'd fin' the hidin'-place  
 Whare John o' the Staun he lay.

Aye she span at her rock o' tow,  
 An' twirl'd her spin'le free—  
 Aye she leukit owre muir an' moss  
 To see what she nicht see.

For faither aft cam' till the hoose,  
 An' gat him warm'd an' fed,  
 An' fain was he to streek him doun,  
 An' rest him in his bed.

Dochter Peggy sat on the kiln,  
An', ere she was aware,  
Cam' ridin' roun' Pinwinnie wud  
Sax black dragoons, an' mair:

"O! faither, faither, rin for life,"  
She cried, an' forth he sprang;  
The black dragoons rode to the door,  
An' swords an' bridles rang.

They saw him makin' for the moss—  
Wow, but he ran wi' speed.  
They fired, an' cut the siller saughs  
That tremil't owre his head.

They durstna ride intil the bog  
That shoogit aneath their feet;  
He dern'd him in a black moss hag,  
For houkin' oot the peat.

Whan mony a day had come an' gane,  
An' cam' nae mair dragoons,  
An' John had maistly tint the fear  
O' the black an' bluidy loons:

"My bairns are wee, my grun' lies lea,  
My girnel's toom o' meal,"

Quo' John, "an' I wad yoke the pleugh,  
Gif I durst gang a-fiel'."

He gaed a-fiel', he yokit the pleugh—  
Wae worth that wearifu' day !  
For word has gane to the black dragons  
In Embro' whare they lay.

They watched a' nicht in Pinwinnie wud,  
An' saw John come a-fiel' ;  
Twa o' them slippit oot on fit,  
An' ahint his back did steal.

Stark an' strang they grippit his arms,  
An' swith the rest cam' on,  
Syne trailed they oot frae 'tween the stilts  
Oor guid an' godly John.

Dochter Peggy stood on the kiln,  
An' turned her roun' an' roun'—  
The sicht she saw gaed thro' her heart  
Wi' a deep an' deadly stoun.

An' aye she skreighed, an' aye she ran,  
Wi' feet a' bluidy an' bare ;  
They rave her oot her faither's airms,  
An' harled her by the hair.



Mither an' bairns were sleepin' soun',  
An' nocht kenned they ava,  
Till Peggy stachered on the floor,  
An' swarfin' doun did 'fa'.

An', lang ere she cou'd tell her tale,  
The faither was aff an' awa';  
An' that dear wife an' bairnies wee  
He saw nae mair ava.

They lowsed a horse frae oot the pleugh,  
An' set him on its back—  
Aneath the belly tied his feet,  
An' garred the sinnins crack.

They carried him to Embro' toun,  
An' pat him in the jail,  
An' weel he kenned that he boud dee  
Ere lang, withootin' fail.

An' there they set him to be tried  
Before the men o' bluid ;  
The holy peace that filled his saul  
They little unnerstude.

He said he was at Both'ell brig,  
An' there he bare a sword,

An' he wad dae the like again  
For Christ, his blessed Lord.

They speered at him what was his thocht  
O' Sharpe, the bishop's death ?  
He said, the killer an' the killed  
The Lord sall judge them baith.

They bade him pray for guid King James,  
His sovereign lord and king ;  
He said it was nae place for prayer,  
Or ony sic-like thing.

An' sae they passed the doom o' death  
On John ; an' he maun dee,  
An' hing afore the aul' tolbooth,  
High on the gallows tree.

An' ither twa stude wi' him there,  
Their sentence was the same ;  
Great was their joy to gi'e their lives  
For Christ, His blessed name.

An' whan they were brocht oot to dee,  
John first laid down his life,  
Commendin' weel his saul to God,  
An' eke his bairns an' wife.

In saxteen-aughty-three he died—  
John Whitelaw was his name ;  
The Monkland' martyr he was ca'd—  
The farm o' Staun his hame.

## THE MARTYRS' WIDOWS.

ROBERT ALLAN.

SIT down, sit down by your martyrs' grave,  
 And I will sit by mine,  
 And mourn for your kind and godly man,  
 And I will mourn for mine.

It's wae to thee, and it's wae to me,  
 For our happy days are gane,  
 And we maun sit wi' a tearfu' e'e  
 In our bourach ha' alane.

O, Scotland ! Scotland ! it's wae to thee,  
 When thy lights are ta'en awa' ;  
 And it's wae ! and it's wae to a sinfu' land  
 When the righteous sae maun fa'.

It was a holy covenant vow  
 We made to heaven to keep,  
 And it is a' for our broken covenant vow,  
 That we maun sit and weep.

The gerse may be green on yon bonnie hill tap,  
And the heather sweetly bloom,  
But there nae mair will we sit at e'en,  
For our hearts are in the tomb !

The hectic glow is upon my cheek,  
And the lily hue on thine,  
And sune will ye sleep by your martyr's side,  
And sune will I sleep by mine !

## MARTYRLAND.

*(Extract.)*

JOHN STRUTHERS.

*Author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath."*

How wide the landscape's wondrous stretch,  
 That eye may scan, that hand may sketch—  
 From lofty Arran's high peaked brow,  
 To where Kintyre shuts up the view,  
 And faintly glimmering through the haze,  
 Like isles sea-girt, their heads they raise,  
 Mountains on mountains, towering vast,  
 Along the sea-indented coast,  
 From sounding Macrahanish, far  
 Into the wastes of wild Braemar,  
 From the soft west, where sweetly smile,  
 The hills of Cowal and Argyle ;  
 By Drymen's bare and rugged dells,  
 And by the Lennox lovely fells ;  
 By the bleak Shotts, and dimly seen  
 With Tinto's towering heights between,  
 The weary Pentlands, sad to see,  
 Still weeping wounded Liberty,  
 With shield cut through and banner torn,

Left on them in her blood to mourn,  
While her best friends on scaffold bled,  
Or in dark dungeons pined and died.  
By Carluke, with its fruitful gills,  
By Lesmahagow's weeping rills,  
In fancy's ear that murmur still  
The wrongs of Cameron and Cargill,  
And Shields and Renwick, young and good,  
The last who nobly shed his blood,  
Firm, and consistent to the death,  
For Scotland's Covenanted faith.  
And, by yon dark and narrow stripe,  
The rugged ridge of barren Kype,  
To lofty Loudoun, o'er his bog,  
Still smiling proudly on Drumclog ;  
Where Claverse, in his mad career  
Of ruthless murder, learned to fear  
A bold though simple peasantry,  
Who stood for God and Liberty.  
By dark Drumduff, and Hairshaw wide,  
And Elrig brown, in bent arrayed,  
By watery wastes, extending far,  
From Balangeich round green Dunwar ;  
Where haunted Croilburn's head streams twine  
Through the black bogs of lone Lochgoin,  
To where the sea-born breezes roam  
O'er Largs, far-famed, and Kilmalcolm.

. . . . .

Thee, Bothwell, can I pass, nor yield  
A tear to thy ill-fated field,  
Where valour came, but wisdom not,  
And common prudence was forgot ;  
Where fell the banner of the just,  
And truth was trampled in the dust,  
Yet time has each external trace  
Erased of all this foul disgrace,  
And, Bothwell, o'er thy peaceful river,  
Thy banks bloom green and fair as ever.

There every rock, and stream, and tree,  
Has its wild lay of liberty,  
Inlaid by law, whose sacred charters,  
Embalmed are with the blood of martyrs ;  
The savour of whose gracious names  
The ardour of our zeal inflames.  
Like them, supremely to regard  
" The recompense of the reward ; "  
The grace that in the present lies,  
To be revealed, when sun and skies,  
And earth, and sea, one destined day,  
Like morning clouds have passed away.



## A BALLAD OF THE COVENANT.\*

JOHN MACFARLANE.

WHEN the hinmaist whaup had vanished,  
 Ghaist-like, frae the lanesome glen,  
 And the mirk o' nicht had fauldit  
 In its wab the ways o' men ;  
 Then to Auchensauch in silence,  
 Frae the muirlan' biolds aroon,  
 Crap, fu' blythe, the huntit Remnant,  
 Stern an' leal for Kirk an' Croon.

Licht o' fit, an' braid an' buirdly,  
 Cam' the sacred tryst to seek,  
 Age, wi' lyart haffets, tellin'  
 O' a life sae bare an' bleak ;  
 Cam' to seal the chart o' freedom,  
 Wi' their blude it nicht hae been,  
 Owre the blooms o' wavin' heather,  
 'Mang the breckan dells sae green.

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\* Auchensauch, referred to in these verses, is a lonely hill in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where at a night-gathering on one occasion the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by the Covenanters of the district.

Ne'er a soun' to breck the stillness,  
Nocht the cark o' wae to tell,  
But belyve the weest burnie  
Sabbin' sairly to its sel'—  
Sabbin' o' the scaith o' Scotlan',  
And her heavy dree o' wrang,  
Bendin' laich her pride o' manhood,  
Jaggin' like an ethert's stang.

Croonin' sweetly o' the martyrs,  
Hamert, plaid, an' bannet blue ;  
Ane by ane they wandered heicher  
On the lanely mountain's broo.  
Scene sae solemn an' sae stately,  
In the e'enin' dusk an' grey,  
Spak' o' mair than a' the pageants  
O' the gowden-lichtit day.—

Spak' o' mair than a' the battles  
That a conqueror may boast,  
Warld's gear an' knightly honour,  
Rank in mist o' ages lost ;  
Spak' the wife an' bairnie grievin',  
Blichted hame an' puirtith's blast,  
Whispered o' a "balm in Gilead,"  
And a diadem at last.

Saftly 'neath the banner floated  
Liltin's o' the e'enin' psalm,  
Mournfu' wi' the sough o' sorrow,  
In the bonny lown sae calm ;  
An' the weary cry o' anguish  
Crap athort the faulds o' nicht,  
Syne the heavens abune seemed open'd,  
Syne the darkness filled wi' licht.

. . . . .

Leal their faith in Him they trusted,  
Bauldly frae the buchted glen,  
In the stillness o' the gloamin',  
Gathered still the muirlan' men ;  
Signed the Solemn League an' Covenant,  
Wi' their blude it micht hae been,  
'Mang the blooms o' wavin' heather,  
And the breckan dells sae green.

THE SIGNING OF THE "SOLEMN LEAGUE  
AND COVENANT" ON A FLAT TOMB-  
STONE IN GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD,  
EDINBURGH.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

IMAGINATION sees the parchment white,  
While crowds of patriots, brave, but silent, flock,  
Despite of courtiers' taunt and royal mock,  
On its thrice-noble page their names to write.  
There signed Mac Callumore, the great Argyll,  
And there, Montrose,\* so soon to be his foe—  
The peaceful plume changed for the sword of woe.  
There, Hugh MacKail, with his sweet boyish smile!  
Oh! God, that such atrocities should be,  
For such adversity Thy dear ones born;  
That those who only sought to worship Thee  
In truth, should limb from limb be hacked and torn:  
Old tomb-stone, mute, and making no reply,  
I gaze upon thee with a watery eye.

---

\* Montrose, it is said, always denied that he signed the *second* "Solemn League and Covenant."

## THE COVENANTER'S CLOVER.

ANNA KNOX.

ARE these indeed the stains of blood,  
The blood of our forefathers,  
Around whose memory the love  
Of all broad Scotland gathers ?

Did the green leaves drink in some drops,  
When shot down, bleeding, dying,  
The Covenanter's life flowed out  
Upon the clover lying ?

Mere fancy, say you ? Be it so.  
The dear name sets me thinking  
Of a dark period when this land  
A bitter cup was drinking.

When Scotland's bravest would not yield  
To will and rule unholy,  
And faced the bullet, sword, and rope,  
Of tyranny and folly.

Stern were they ? Yes, the times were stern,  
The heel of persecution  
Was crushed down on their holiest rights  
With sternest resolution.

Who can their wrongs recall unmoved,  
Or wond'ring admiration  
Withhold from patience so sublime ?  
Such faith ! such resignation !

Harried and hunted, tortured, slain,  
Rebels and traitors branded ;  
Their holy lives, their saintly deaths,  
Their righteous cause commended.

From caves (alas, poor sleeping rooms !)  
Lone hills and moorland dreary,  
(Cold, cheerless habitations for  
Heads shelterless and weary).

From plundered homes, from distant shores,  
Whence banished ones look yearning ;  
From dens and dungeons where they lay,  
The task of "waiting" learning.

From drowning waves, 'neath gibbet grim,  
For Zion prayer ascended ;

Nor sought they vengeance on their foes,  
But grace to them extended.

The solitudes they walked among,  
Their wandering footsteps hallowed ;  
The mention of their names shall aye  
With honour due be followed.

The seed they sowed for long has borne  
The fruit of peace and gladness ;  
And we with wonderment look back  
On their oppressors' madness.

And so these leaves, reminders dear,  
With reverent lips I cover,  
And place within the sacred page  
The Covenanter's Clover.

## LAMENT OF THE COVENANTER'S WIDOW.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

O WEET and weary is the nicht,  
 Wi' soughin' win' and rain, O ;  
 An' he that was sae true to me,  
 Is on the hillside slain, O !

O that the hand that did the deed,  
 Had lain me where he's lyin',  
 The green turf owre my peacefu' head,  
 The nicht winds roun' me sighin'.

But I maun hear an' I maun grieve,  
 An' I maun thole the morrow ;  
 This heart's no made o' flesh and bluid,  
 It winna break with sorrow.

What's a' this gaudy warld to me ?  
 I canna bide the glare o't ;  
 O gin it were [the High Degree,  
 That I micht see nae mair o't.

For he had ta'en the Covenant  
 For Scotland's sake to dee, O,  
 Death to him was gain, we ken,  
 But, oh'! the loss to me, O !



## THE COVENANTERS.

GEORGE PAULINE.

CAN Scotland's son, who uncontrolled, may climb the  
 heathery steep,  
 Gaze scornfully where guards the cairn her martyrs'  
 blood-bought sleep,  
 And say, "A fanatic lies here;" and with a pitying  
 smile,  
 Descant on mad enthusiasts—the ignorant, the vile?

Enthusiasts!—by the freeman's step, that treads on  
 Scottish strand;  
 By the pure faith that sanctifies the altars of the land;  
 By hymns of praise, at morn and eve, unawed by fear  
 or shame,  
 Poured from our peaceful hamlet homes—still honoured  
 be the name!

If on the plains where Wallace fought, the patriot's  
 bosom swell,  
 And the bold Switzer drops a tear upon the grave of  
 Tell,

Shall Scotland with irreverent eye, behold the wild  
flowers wave

Above the mound, once stained with blood, her covenant  
heroes' grave ?

They sleep where, in a darker day, by dreary moss and  
fen,

Their blood bedewed the wild heath-flower in many a  
Scottish glen ;

When forced to flee their humble homes, for Scotland's  
Covenant Lord,

They grasped, to save their holiest rights, the Bible and  
the sword.

They rest in peace—the enthusiasts!—who reluctant  
flung

To earth the proffered gold, and scorned the lure of  
courtly tongue.

They rest in peace, who knew no rest when with loud  
curses driven,

And hunted 'mid the wintry fells, and reft of all but  
heaven.

Enthusiasts!—would the proudly wise, who flings his  
scorn and sneer

On graves and names long hallowed by the patriot's  
love and tear—

Would he, when gleams in mount and vale the persecutor's brand,  
To quench with blood the altar-fires of his own fatherland—

When all around are fainting hearts and falsehood's hollow smile,  
The bloody foe, the traitorous friend, fierce war, and covert guile,  
No hope on earth, unless he quit the banner of his God,  
And crouch a slave upon the land where his free fathers trod—

Would he renounce all earth-born joys, and choose his wintry bed  
On howling heath, with darkness round, and tempest o'er his head ;  
And trusting in no arm of flesh, undaunted face the fires,  
The axe, the torture, and the sword LIKE SCOTLAND'S COVENANT SIRE ?

## THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.

DAVID VEDDER.

BLEAK was the winter Sabbath morn, and dreary was  
the sky,  
When the persecuted left their caves to worship the  
Most High ;  
An unfrequented mountain gorge received the tremb-  
ling flock,  
Their canopy was mist and clouds—their altar was the  
rock.

The eagle o'er their sanctuary majestically soared,  
And screamed discordant, while the crowd most re-  
verently adored ;  
The chilling wind moaned fitfully through groves of  
stunted pine,  
And the torrents rushed and thundered through the  
desolate ravine.

And from that lonely rugged spot ascended, rich and  
rare,  
The incense of the contrite heart—the sacrifice of  
prayer ;

And angels from the heights of heaven did look com-  
placent down  
On the honoured heads that soon should wear the  
martyr's glorious crown.

And grey-haired sires forgot their griefs, and all their  
wrongs forgave,  
When they heard of Him whose power burst the  
barriers of the grave ;  
And widows, poor and desolate, and homeless orphans,  
prayed  
For pardon from the throne on high on their oppres-  
sor's head.

And matrons, haggard, pale and wan, with babes upon  
the breast,  
Expelled from husband, hearth, and home, gaunt,  
destitute, oppressed,  
Exulted in their sufferings, nay, smiled at torture—  
death,  
And gazed on the Sun of Righteousness with the eagle  
eye of faith.

And woe-worn groups in manhood's prime, by tyranny  
harassed,  
Whose tattered garments, matted hair, streamed on the  
wintry blast,

Attuned their voices solemnly to an high and holy  
theme,  
And the strains of Zion blended with the roaring of the  
stream.

The ruthless conqueror may climb the slippery steep of  
fame,  
And venal pens corroding brass immortalize his name;—  
Who brave the tyrant when he bares dread persecution's  
sword,  
Unfading wreaths, celestial palms, and crowns are their  
reward !

## THE BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

(Kept by *Mr. Hugh M'Geackan, Cumnock.*)

REV. JAMES MURRAY.

## I.

IN a quiet old-fashioned lane,  
     Running zig-zag, here and there,  
 In his cottage neat and plain,  
     In his ample elbow-chair,  
 In his honest crusty manner,  
 Sits the keeper of the banner.

## II.

Bring the ancient relic forth !—  
     Precious 'tis, though old and tattered,  
 It has waved o'er men of worth,  
     When around it death was scattered :  
 It has glanced through moss and fen  
 Guarded by the Covenant men !

## III.

Spread it out with tender care ;  
     Slowly smooth its crumbled creases ;

Use it gently, softly—there !

We've arranged its fragile pieces,  
And its legend fitly scanned,  
“ *For our God and Fatherland !* ”

## IV.

Hearts have throbbed with hopes and fears,  
When the rustling breeze thee fluttered ;  
Loving looks bedimmed with tears,  
Long-drawn sighs and blessings muttered—  
All have greeted thee of old,  
On occasions manifold !

## V.

When a tyrant ruled the land,  
And our sires in deserts wandered ;  
When a sore afflicted band,  
In despair unfurled the standard,  
In the desperate fight and sally  
Thou didst lure the faint to rally.

## VI.

Old and tattered as thou art ;  
Little heeded, little known,  
Thou didst play a valiant part  
In the struggle long bygone ;  
And our boasted liberty,  
Partly purchased was by thee.”



VII.

Far be days with passion rife,  
Wherein blood and gold are squandered ;  
May'st thou ne'er in civil strife,  
Gleam again, time-honoured standard !  
But, with peaceful fingers prest,  
'Mid thy cob-webs lie at rest !

VIII.

Lie at rest ; but should our soil  
Menaced be with profanation,  
Let the doughty sons of toil,  
Worthy of their sires and station—  
Worthy all of freemen's glory,  
Rally 'round their standard hoary !

IX.

Lie at rest ; but yet when times—  
Peaceful times of joyous greeting, .  
Wake the happy village chimes—  
Rich and poor together meeting—  
Let our brave old flag's display  
Cheer the fleeting holiday !

## THE BLACK SATURDAY.\*

*4th August, 1621.*

REV. JAMES MURRAY.

“THERE’S a mirk clud on the sun, guidman,  
 An’ a het gloff frae the gress ;  
 An’ the kye stan’ thowless on the croft  
 Wi’ a look o’ sair distress.

“An’ the sheep, a’ gathered in knots, guidman,  
 Are courin’ upo’ the hill ;  
 At the mid-day hour it is gloamin’ grown—  
 I fear it forebodes some ill !”

“O, I downa tent sic gear, guidwife,  
 Tho’ it e’en suld bring me blame ;  
 A’ day I sit at the chimla cheek,  
 But my thochts are far frae hame.”

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(\* This powerful ballad is here printed with an additional verse and verbal alterations made by the author in a copy of “Songs of the Covenant Times,” which he presented to the Rev. Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of “The Scottish Minstrel.”)

“There’s a red gaw in the north, guidman,  
Like a furnace seven times het ;  
In mirk aneth an’ in mirk aboon,  
The lift an’ the heights are met.

“I canna see where the lift begins,  
Or where the hill-taps en’ ;  
An’ mirk, an’ mirker still it grows—  
May heaven a’ skaith forefen’ !”

“O, haud thy peace, my auld guidwife,  
Though my een be blear’t an’ dim,  
I can feel it mirk when it licht suld be,  
An’ I put my trust in HIM.

“An’ though our shielin’ be derk and dowf,  
Yet ULAR’S stream rins clear ;  
An’ there sall we gather the gowden fruit,  
Through a’ the lightsome year !”

“O, heard ye that fearsome crash, guidman,  
Or saw ye yon flash sae bricht ?  
As the lift had crack’t, an’ the sun fa’en thro’  
An’ the sea had quenched his licht !

“Oor son is upo’ the hill, guidman,  
Oor daughter is teddin’ hay ;

An', meikle I fear that ane or baith  
Come to skaith this awesome day !”

“ O, dinna be fley't, my auld guidwife,  
That, outhir we're gaun to tyne—  
Though wrath be sair on land and sea,  
It's nouthir 'gainst yours nor mine.

“ An' I dred it wad be a day o' dool  
For the trespass o' the land ;  
'Tis vengeance that cleedeth the lift wi' mirk,  
An' bareth its red richt hand.

“ For a godless, graceless band are met,  
This day in Edinbruch toun ;  
An' a' to set up the thing we hate,  
An' to pu' the guid cause down.”

“ O, hear ye the thick spate fa', guidman,  
An' the hailstones dirl the pane ?—  
Ye're welcome, bairns ; heaven be praised,  
We see you in life again !”

“ O, faither, is this the day o' doom,  
When the dead an' the quick sall meet ?—  
A fire-clud sits on the heigh hill-tap,  
An' hisses 'mid hail and sleet.

“The muirfowl coured ’neath the heather-cow,  
By the side o’ the corbie-craw ;  
An’ they feared na him, an’ he feared na me,  
An’ ae dread possest us a’ !

“An’ the fire hung red frae my bonnet-rim,  
An’ flichtered amang my hair ;  
An’ I thocht to mysel’, as a prayer I said,  
We sall meet on yirth nae mair.

“An’ burns ran wild an’ roarin’ rude,  
Where burns ne’er used to be ;  
An’ hadna a kin’ God led my steps,  
Ye never had looked on me !”

“An’, mither, when up in the spretty cleuch,  
A-kylin’ the winter hay,  
The mirkness fell doun sae thick, I thocht  
I’d tint my sicht for aye.

“An’ a lavrock that sang i’ the lift at morn,  
Cam’ sklentint’ doun wi’ the rain,  
An’ I’ve keepit the wee thing in my breast  
To shelter its heart frae pain !”

“’Tis a day o’ wrath an’ strife, my bairns,  
A day o’ storm an’ mirk ;

For the king's black bands o' prelacy  
Are conspirin' against the kirk."

"O, sit ye doun, my bairns baith,  
The thunder is wearin' caulm ;  
An' Willie sall read the blessed Buik,  
An' Mary sall sing the psaulm.

"An' we'll a' kneel doun by oor ain hearth-stane,  
An' your faither in faith sall pray,  
That the God o' Grace may defend the richt,  
An' change to joy oor wae !"

# JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL'S WIFE.

JEANIE MORISON.

THEY shot him at his cottage door,  
An' his wife was standin' near,  
But never a word of grief said she,  
Nor dimmed her e'e a tear.

They tied his hands ahint his back,  
An' bound his bonny e'en,  
But her face was white, an' still, an' cauld  
As a dead face it had been.

The heath, a' purple i' the sun,  
Shone redder where he lay,  
When they had warked their wicked will,  
An' turned to ride away.

"An' what think ye o' your guidman noo,  
Guidwife?" quoth Clavers rude;—  
A flash cam' i' the tearless e'e—  
To the white cheek the bluid.

She walked wi' steady step an' prood,  
To whare her guidman lay,  
She laid on her lap the shattered head,  
An' she wiped the bluid away.

"Aye thocht I muckle o' my guidman  
An' far mair think I noo ;  
He's died for the Lord that died for him—  
God forgi'e them that slew."

"'Twere nocht but just," quoth Clavers cruel,  
"Gin ye lay by his side ?"  
"Ay, wark your will," she answered him,  
"Was never gladder bride."

She sat there still as the gloamin' fell,  
An' they turned an' rode away,  
Still, when the heath grew dusk in nicht,  
On her knees the dead head lay.

But when the first star glimmered oot  
I' the welkin quiet an' blue,  
Ae lang look took she o' the e'en  
She lo'ed, sae sightless noo.

An' syne she shut the e'elids white,  
An' kamed the clotted hair,



An' rowed him in his shepherd's plaid  
Wi's life-bluid reddened sair.

She laid him on the purple heath,  
Gently as babe that slept ;  
Nae word said she till a' was dune—  
Syne sat her doun an' wept.

## BOTHWELL BRIG.

ALEX. G. MURDOCH.

O THE sun shines bricht on bonnie Bothwellhaugh,  
 An' the birds chant the green woods amang ;  
 But the men o' the Covenant are scattered an' awa',  
 Whase Bible-worship was their only wrang.  
 The glens an' the valleys shall echo never mair  
 The hoarse trooper's shout an' battle clang,  
 For silent noo for aye is the hillman's prayer,  
 An' the voices that gaed up to God in sang.

Down chasms deep an' dread, by mighty thunder split,  
 Whare roars the everlastin' mountain flood,  
 On the forehead o' the rocks their deathless names are  
 writ,  
 In characters o' fire an' o' bluid.  
 An' high amang the clouds, on the taps o' the hills,  
 Where the snaws an' win's o' winter rudely drave,  
 A refuge they sought frae a tyranny o' ills,  
 An' fand there a heaven an' a grave.

Though the airm o' the Lord is slow to rise in wrath,  
 Yet vengeance, He says, will I keep ;

An' wae betide the hands that put the Saints to death  
On Bothwellhaugh an' Aird's Moss wha sleep.  
O purple ran the heath on Bothwell's bluidy day,  
An' lang, lang gleamed red in rain an' sun ;  
But the earth an' the skies, frae Clyde bank to brae,  
Sall witness to the slaughter that day done.

## THE CRY OF THE HILLMEN.

ROBERT REID.

GOD o' the Hameless, shield Thy bairns !  
 Loutt laich frae oot Thy halie hauld,  
 An' i' the bield o' Thy wicht airms  
 This remnant o' Thy flock enfauld ;  
 Else ane by ane we'll dwine awa'  
 Like lilt o' sang-birds frae the hill,  
 When e'enin' mirk begins to fa',  
 An' gleds an' hoolits wark their will.

For never did the lintie's heid  
 Clap closer to the bein hillside,  
 While owre her swept that form o' dreid,  
 Than God's ain folk are fain to hide ;  
 A' day we shun the licht ; at e'en  
 We seek the dusht an' darksome glen,  
 Weel if the midnight's murky screen  
 But hap us frae oor fellow men !

Here, stowlins, amang craigs an' howes,  
 In cauld an' weet, we're forced to bide ;  
 Oor only feres the tods an' yowes  
 That raik along the mountain side ;  
 The wild bird's wheeple frae the lift,  
 The only leevin' voice we hear,

Save when in some lane glen we lift  
Oor ain to Thee in dule an' fear.

Nocht ken we o' the joys o' life,  
The ingle-neuk, the heartsome ha',  
Oor bonnie bairns an' blythe guidwife,  
For Thy sake, Lord ! we've tint them a' ;  
Yet wad we coont oor losses, gains,  
Gin Thou in mids' o' us wad be  
To ease us o' the skaith an' pains  
That we maun for oor Covenant dree.

It's oh, that we nicht bauldly stan'  
In Christ's ain kirk amang oor kin,  
Thy halie Book in ilka han',  
Thy praise ilk gledsome saul within ;  
For this oor Covenant we mak',  
For this we thole, for this we dee ;  
Oor han's are on the pleugh, an' back  
Ae wistfu' glance we maunna gi'e.

Hoo lang, oh Lord ! wilt thou abide  
In Thy heich-hadden without sign,  
While ravenin' wolves on ilka side  
Herry and rive this fauld o' Thine ?  
The bluid o' mony a martyred saint  
Cries to Thee frae the muirlan' sod ;  
Oh, loutt an' listen to oor plaint,  
Bare Thy wicht airm an' bield us, God !

# THE MIDNIGHT REVEL OF MUGDOCK.

HUGH MACDONALD.

(*Author of "Rambles Round Glasgow."*).

WHAT means yon licht in Mugdock tower,  
Whilk winnock an' loophole sma'  
Lets oot in gowden shafts that fret  
Mirk midnight's raven wa' ?

What mean these voices of wassail rude,  
On the dark wind's gusty wing ?  
An' why sweeps the frichted howlet forth,  
As the lood, lood laughters ring ?

The baukiebird's flickerin' hither and yont  
Roun' the trumlin' castle wa',  
An' the ghost-moth jinks owre the lichtit pane,  
Wi' mony a rise and fa',

As gin the wee creatures o' glimmer and gloom  
Made blythe in the demon din,  
That rings in the hush o' the ebon hours,  
To the lowin' stars aboon.

Then tell me, thou carle of the lyart-locks,  
What meaneth this midnight glee ?  
Has a bairn been born, a bride been won,  
Or a fae been forced to flee ?

Nae howdie, quoth the carle, to the auld keep has gane,  
Nae sweet winsome bride been won :  
Nae wreath o' the laurel the Lennox chief can share  
For deeds that his guid sword has done.

But the tyrants o' Scotland are guests here the nicht,  
At the hearth o' the stern Montrose ;  
An' the bluid-red wine is rowin' fast,  
'Mang the Covenant's deidliest foes.

The grim Yerl o' Rothes in his ermine is there,  
Wi' Middleton, the fause an' the fell,  
An' wan Claverhouse, wi' his mim leddie face,  
An' his snake-like e'e o' hell.

Steepit in the gore o' the guid an' the true,  
The airn-sauled Dalzell is there ;  
An' Bruce o' the Earlsha', wha aft makes a jest  
O' the widow and the orphan's prayer.

Ay, the curses o' puir Scotland are a' here the nicht,  
Fell tools o' a fause, fause king ;

That adderlin' wha warmed in his ain kintra's brierst,  
Returns for its fealty a sting.

Sae the red cups o' gowd in the warm bleezin' ha'  
Are circlin' richt fast and free,  
As the ill-deedy knaves droon the still sma' voice  
In lood rantin' din an' in glee.

But the black ban, I trow, o' the sair-crushed Cargill  
Clings cauld as the lead round ilk heart ;  
Nor jestin', nor sang, nor the rich gushin' wine,  
Gars the chill gruesome wecht e'er depart.

I've heard, in my day, the weary wail o' dule,  
When the red luiks o' love grew caul',  
But the lood, lood leugh is a far sadder soun'  
That is rung from a wae-weirdit saul.

The hooting o' the owl at the siller glowrin' mune,  
Or the wraith-bodin' tyke at e'en,  
I'd rather bide to hear 'mang the shiverin's o' the wud,  
Than the persecutor's mirth, I ween.

Then hie thee awa' through the mirk shades o' nicht,  
Nor seek thou the banquet to share  
That's laid for the bluid-hounds o' base-heartit power,  
'Neath the roof-tree o' Mugdock the fair.



Oh ! rather lay thy heid in the puir man's beild,  
An' be thankfu' whate'er may betide,  
Than hanker for the wine-cups in yon ha' o' sin,  
Whare the malisons o' Heaven maun abide !

## HALLOWED GROUND.

*(Extract.)*

GEORGE PAULIN.

AULD Scotia ! gleaming o'er Thy hallowed sod,  
     And up thy Highland heights amid the heather,  
     Fanes where Thy Sabbath-honouring children gather  
 To pay their vows to Scotia's covenant God.  
     They pour the reverence of the simple heart  
 In solemn melody and humble prayer,  
     And with their dearest blood would sooner part  
 Than see the altar-spoiler enter there !  
     And Scotia's emigrant, when far away  
 Amid the forest stillness of the West,  
     Oft from the banks of Tweed or Highland Tay,  
 Lists the loved tones steal o'er the ocean's breast !  
     They lead him back to childhood's happy home—  
 The village church beside the old yew-tree,  
     The silent Sabbath, when he loved to roam  
 In fields, to hear the hum of heather bee  
     Float in the hallowed air from brake and flowery lea ;  
 They lead him back to where, in days of yore,  
     The austere sires of Scotland's freedom stood

Banded to save the Bibles which they bore,  
    Their heritage of hope, from men of blood.  
The trembling boy—the parent grey with years  
    And bent with toil—the widow poor and old,  
Driven houseless forth by persecuting spears,  
    To shiver on the bleak and wintry wold.  
Their blood hath nursed a tree that will not die—  
    That braved the blast, and still the blast shall brave,  
And Scotland will not own the ungenerous eye  
    That beams not proudly o'er her martyr's grave.

## THE COVENANT BANNER.

## AN AYRSHIRE ELDER.

BLOW softly, ye breezes, by mountain and moor,  
 O'er the graves of the Covenant men,  
 By the muirland and flood that were red with their  
 blood,  
 Can ye waft the old watchwords again ?

"For Scotland and Christ" the breezes of old  
 O'er the wilds of the Westland bore,  
 From the Lugar and Nith to the Lothian Frith,  
 And the German Ocean's shore.

And where'er they blew, a prayer was breathed  
 And a holy psalm was sung,  
 And hands were clasped and the banner grasped  
 When the Covenant watchword rung.

O, for the brave true hearts of old,  
 That bled when the banner perished !  
 O, for the Faith that was strong in death—  
 The Faith that our fathers cherished !

The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,  
And liveth for evermore,  
And Scotland claims as her noblest names  
The Covenant Men of Yore.

## THE COVENANTER'S WIDOW.

WILLIAM CROSS.

*Author of "The Disruption—A Tale."*

O JUNE ! thy rose is blawin' fair,  
 Thy balmy breath is sweet ;  
 But at thy name my heart is sair,  
 An' like a bairn I greet.

Thy sunny days are noo to me  
 The darkest o' the year ;  
 There is nae charm in aucht I see,  
 Nae joy in aucht I hear.

In June the faithfu' o' the lan'  
 Amang the muirs made heid,  
 The Kirk's oppressors to withstan',  
 The vineyard true to weed.

Then prelatists an' men o' sin  
 Waxed fierce an' violent ;  
 An' the lan' was vexed like Egypt, when  
 Her sairest plagues were sent.

In rage they gatheréd their ban's,  
An' set them in array ;  
In bluid o' saints they dyed their han's,  
E'en on the Sabbath day.

Monmouth, Deyell, an' Claver'se led  
The persecutin' host ;  
“ Wi' Whigs we'll feed the hungry gled,”  
Was their unhallowed boast.

The Shepherd wi' His flock was wroth  
That day of fiery trial ;  
For indulgence black and sinfu' oath  
He poured a bluidy vial.

My ain guidman had seen wi' grief  
The oppressor wax in nicht,  
An' base malignants steek their een  
Against the clearest licht.

An' puir folk harried o' their a',  
An' hearths made desolate ;  
An' young an' auld in frost an' snaw,  
Turned hameless to the gate.

An' to their ain kailyards the just  
Brought oot like sheep an' slain ;

An' the Covenant, oor stay an' trust,  
Denied ance an' again.

A' this wi' mickle grief he saw,  
An' for direction prayed ;  
Till clear to him the righteous law  
O' bluid for bluid was made.

His wee things ane by ane he kissed,  
An' kirstened them wi' tears ;  
An' me he to his bosom pressed,  
An' strove to calm my fears.

An' "Fareweel, bonnie Gowantoun,  
Fareweel, my hame !" cried he ;  
"When I come back nae priestly loon  
Shall domineer owre thee."

His mark is in oor Bible yet,  
At precious words o' grace ;  
It's like a tryst atween us set,  
An' heaven the meetin'-place.

He left the corn-rigs sproutin' green,  
An' bonnie as could be,  
But a trooper's horse gaed there at e'en,  
An' foddered daintily.



That mornin' wi' some neighbour men  
He marched to Boddell Brig,  
Afore wi' daylight ane nicht ken  
The furrow frae the rig.

The stalwart smith, auld Anakson,  
An elder though he was,  
That Sabbath, wi' his kirk claes on,  
Stood foremost for the cause.

Oor honest neighbour, dyker Ross,  
Instead o' spear or sword,  
His flaughter spade brought frae the moss  
To smite the alien horde.

The weaver chiel that wroucht oor harn,  
Behoved to play the man,  
An' wi' a hay-fork frae the barn,  
Fast to the gatherin' ran.

Belyve in licht the laverock sang,  
An' clear the mornin' broke,  
An' the road to Boddell Muir was thrang  
Wi' stern-set westlan' folk.

The Clyde cam' wanderin' frae the braes,  
Blue as the lift abune ;

But nae carlin' there wad synde her claes  
Whan day was haflins dune.

The water by twal hours wi' bluid  
Ran grumly bye my door,  
For oor mailin' is but craw-flicht guid  
Be-west o' Boddell Muir.

I climbed a brae abune the stour,  
An' to the East could see  
A cloud, as frae a burnin' muir,  
Risin' continually,

Like the cracklin' hiss o' burnin' whins,  
Afar aff I could hear ;  
Oh ! it was the dreadfu' noise o' guns  
That aye cam' on my ear.

While there, in tremblin' fear I stood,  
It's my ears that ring, thought I ;  
But the soun' grew lood, and aye mair lood,  
Till the startled hare ran by.

My bairns were wi' me, daffin' roun'  
Amang the flowery grass ;  
Oh ! little did they ken hoo soon  
They would be fatherless.

I watched until I saw at han'  
Swords glancin' in the air,  
An' far an' near a scattered ban'  
By horsemen hunted sair.

An' on they ran, an' on they rade,  
Through smoke an' dust an' din,  
But I saw nae mair, for Clydesdale braid  
About me seemed to spin.

When frae a swoon I cam' again  
To fearsome consciousness,  
The tears fell frae my een like rain,  
An' sair was my distress.

My bonnie bairns aroun' me lay,  
They had grat themselves to sleep ;  
An' the tumult o' the deidly fray  
Was hushed in silence deep.

Distractedly I soucht my hame,  
Nae langer hame to me ;  
For there had the destroyer Grahame  
Sent his cruel soldiery.

Sent them pursuin' my guidman,  
My ain leal Reuben Blair ;

When, like a stricken deer, he ran  
Wounded to seek his lair.

At the march burn he had turned on them,  
When the bluidhounds pressed him sair ;  
An' sae at e'en when I cam' hame,  
In daith I fand him there.

O dear, dear martyred husband ! thou  
Wert o' my life the life ;  
If in heaven a mourner's knee may bow,  
Pray for thy widowed wife.

Pray that oor puir wee helpless flock  
Provided for may be,  
An' led by grace to shun the rock  
O' sinfu' prelacy.

Lang eerie nichts o' broken rest,  
An' days o' miserie ;  
An' a body, feckless at the best,  
Are appointed unto me.

For the pantin' hart there is a pool,  
A rest for weary care ;  
A balm in Gilead for dool,  
An' a physician there.

## COVENANT MEMORIES.

[Written during a visit to various spots sacred to the memory of the martyred Heroes of the Covenant.]

ROBERT HOGG.

OH, heath-clad hills o' Scotlan', aft i' the gloamin' calm,  
On ye the prayin' hill-men oot-poured the fragrant  
psalm ;

On ye they stood thegither  
An' feckfow faced the fae,  
Till thrammlet sair throughther  
Deid bodies thranged the brae.

Ye dusky glens o' Scotlan' for beauty bear the gree,  
Aiblins your gleam an' glamour were wastit wared on  
me,

Were ye no' consecrated  
By fit o' Covenant men,  
Whan frae the fae ill-fated  
They socht your mirkest den.

Oh, martyr-graves o' Scotlan' on muir an' mountainside,  
While bendin' owre your sacred dust oor bosoms heeze  
wi' pride ;

We think on those lang sleepin'  
Aneath your moss-grown stanes,  
An' joy their bluid is leapin'  
E'en yet in freemen's veins.

Oh, martyr-sons o' Scotlan' a wearie weird ye dree'd  
Whan His mirk Clud o' Witness did thro' the valley  
lead ;  
An' till oor mountains perish,  
Till sets for aye yon sun,  
As oor herts' bluid we'll cherish  
*The heritage ye won.*

## HACKSTON OF RATHILLET.

1680.

HENRY INGLIS OF TORSONCE.

## I.

THERE'S a sorry jade at the Water-Gate, with a halter  
 rope of straw,  
 And ribs of age and hunger, and withers lean and raw.  
 Do they lead her to the shambles? No; the hang-  
 man's at her head,  
 And the warders of the city in their gaberdines of red,  
 And the Provost in his scarlet, and the Magistrates, are  
 there.

Why do the axe and lictors wait  
 Beneath the gloomy Water-Gate,  
 Round the old moonstruck mare?

## II.

From the Southland, through the city, by many a  
 devious road,  
 A bondsman of the Council drives a bound and bleeding  
 load;  
 Doth he fetch it from the shambles? Yes; the  
 shambles of the West,

Where grim Dalzell provides the feast, and Satan is the  
guest,  
Where Cameron of the Covenant stood and prayed the  
battle-prayer ;  
Then with his brother side by side  
Took up the Cross of Christ, and died  
Upon the Moss of Ayr.

## III.

There's a sough of women wailing, and a surge of  
savage men,  
Each Highland axe is planted fast, and faster fixed  
again ;  
But what avail the ashen shaft and temper of the spear,  
When every cheek is flushed with shame or blanched  
with sudden fear ?  
Of all the Council myrmidons, save the wretch that  
kills for hire,  
There is not one so blind and rude  
As not to deem the multitude  
All-righteous in its ire.

## IV.

The cart comes rolling onwards, a ghastly gory bier,  
Dragoons upon the vanguard, on the flanks, and in the  
rear—



Dragoons that fought at Pentland, at Drumclog, and  
Bothwell Brig,  
Whose article of faith is "Death to the Covenanting  
Whig!"  
Their naked sabres, from the blood of martyrs scarcely  
dry,  
Are dealt at random in the crowd,  
'Midst deepest curse or anguish loud,  
Or hapless woman's cry.

## v.

Scant and haughty is the greeting 'twixt the city and  
the sword,  
Scant and haughty as the greeting 'twixt a vassal and  
his lord.  
"A cart-load of the Covenant from the West," the  
soldier said;  
"Receive into your keeping here the living and the  
dead."  
Men and horses faced about him at the word of stern  
command,  
Then fiercely through the seething swarm,  
As if the town were ta'en by storm,  
Rode down the narrow strand.

## VI.

Now, quick ! unload the waggon—do the Council's high  
behest ;  
There are three that are to march afoot all manacled  
âbreast,  
There's one that's to be mounted, and entreated well be  
sure,  
'Tis Hackston of Rathillet, who stood by at Magus Muir.  
There's the gory head of Cameron brought from off the  
battle-field,  
Fix it deftly on a halbert head,  
And let the hangman proudly tread  
With such a lance to wield.

## VII.

Let the march of death be marshalled ; but first yon  
dotard bring,  
Who gazeth with a troubled gaze as on some fearful  
thing.  
“Old dotard ! dost thou know the head that grins on  
yonder spear ?—  
Let the halbert point be lowered that he see the visage  
clear.”  
“I know him ! oh, I know him ! It is my own dear son !  
God of my faith, Thou cans't not wrong  
Aught that to me or mine belong—  
Thy holy will be done !”

## VIII.

They bound Rathillet backwards on the lean and dying  
mare ;

The hangman wore his bonnet, but Rathillet's head was  
bare ;—

The ghastly face of Cameron, from its pedestal on high,  
Glared in the sunlight on the crowd, with glazed lack-  
lustre eye ;

Behind, the leash of captives in blood-stained fetters  
come ;

And symbol of their fallen state,

And of their dark impending fate—

Up through the steepy Canongate

Resounds the felon's drum.

## IX.

Yet it seemed as if some hero-corse brought homeward  
from afar,

Enbalmed in glory's shroud, and borne on Fame's  
funereal car

Emblazoned with heraldic scroll and pomp of nodding  
plume,

Were passing through a nation's tears to sleep in  
sculptured tomb ;—

For there was silence in the street, or murmurs such as  
fill

The waking ear with stifled sound

Of anguish from the deeps profound,

When multitudes are still.

## X.

Brave soldier of the Covenant ! true heart—be of good  
cheer—

The goal that thou hast toiled to win so painfully is near ;  
The Cross that thou hast borne so long, God wills thee  
to lay down,

And angels wait at Heaven's high gate, thy martyrdom  
to crown ;—

What recks it that the battle close by yonder gallows-  
tree ?

The scaffold with its visage grim

Affrights the vile, but cannot dim

The lustre of the free.

## XI.

The gallows-tree grew at the Cross—they halted at the  
stair ;

And step by step some wretched men the bleeding  
burden bear ;

But life was in the mangled form, and reason in the  
brain,

And a hero heart that spurned the dart and scorned the  
sting of pain—

Defied the rack to shake his faith, or from his lips to  
wring

One doubt to dim the holy cause,

One word to own the tyrant laws,

Or the thrice perjured king.

## XII.

They hewed Rathillet limb from limb, and as each  
fragment fell  
Shorn from the bruised and quivering trunk, these  
ministers of hell  
Howled round about him like a pack of fiendish hounds  
at bay,  
Upon the watch to whet their fangs in some incarnate  
prey :  
One agony of death they deemed too great a boon to  
give ;  
And twice from off the curséd tree—  
With all a tiger's clemency—  
They set the writhing carcass free  
And brought it back to live.

## XIII.

They were Christians—and they cut the heart from out  
the living man,  
And waved it as a flag is waved upon the battle's van ;  
And burned it as a beast is burned some idol to appease,  
And cast the human ashes round like incense on the  
breeze :  
And they did it in the name of God!—Where were His  
lightnings then,  
That came not with consuming fire  
To light the everlasting pyre  
For these blaspheming men ?

## XIV.

Look round on Scotland's ruined fanes—on shattered  
arch and wall,

On roofless aisle and broken font—on column, tomb,  
and stall

Laid waste within the sunniest spots of this our happy  
land—

As waste as lieth Nineveh upon the desert strand,  
The lightning of a nation's wrath has smote them with  
decay :

The Faith their reeking altars fed

With life-blood of the saints, is fled ;

In Heaven the martyrs have their bed—

The Covenant lives for Aye.

## WATCHING IN VAIN.

[Paraphrased from S. R. Crockett's "Men of the Moss Hags."]

## A. WANLESS.

Hoo dull and dreary was the day,  
 An', oh, hoo weary was the nicht,  
 When owre the hills my faither rade  
 To crush the wrang an' aid the richt.

'Afore he went he bravely cried,  
 "Auld Scotland's richts we shall maintain ;  
 My son, be kin' to kith an' kin,  
 An' soon I will be back again."

My faither shook the bridle reins,  
 As gallantly he rade awa' ;  
 An' side by side my brither rade,  
 While dool weighed doon the he'rts o's a'.

An' aye my mither wrung her han's,  
 An' aye the tear rose in her e'e ;  
 An' aye she cried, "Nae cause is guid  
 That twines my ain guidman frae me."

Three weary days had come an' gane ;  
Ae mornin' at the daw' o' day,  
I saw my brither a' alane  
Come slowly ridin' doon the brae.

Then in the house I ran wi' speed,  
An' unco sair I was to blame ;  
Withoot a thou'ht I cried, "Wae's me,  
I see my brither comin' hame."

My mither cried, "Is he alane ?"  
"Ah me," I said, "Oh, wae betide,  
He comes alane, slow, slow he comes,  
There's nae ane ridin' by his side."

Then in my arms my mither fell ;  
She wrung her han's wi' wild despair ;  
She cried, "Oh, broken is my he'rt,  
I'ae never, never see him mair."

She watched the hill frae day to day,  
But a' her watching was in vain ;  
To her he loved wi' a' his he'rt  
He never mair cam' back again.



## THE COVENANTERS' COMMUNION.

GEORGE DONALD.

THE moors of Eaglesham and Mearns,  
 Where Howie wrote, and Pollok sung ;  
 Their hills and glens and mossy cairns,  
 I often sought when life was young.

Along their many lochs I've strayed,  
 Deep musing on some favourite book ;  
 Or watched the speckled perch betrayed  
 By angler with his treacherous hook.

Or down the banks, where rowin' rin  
 The Cart, the Erne, and brither burn ;  
 Pleased with the music of their din,  
 My wandering steps I often turn.

Oft in these moors in summer morn  
 I've listened to the shepherd's tale,  
 Of times when Scotland's peace was torn,  
 And tyrants dared her right assail.

From his traditionary lore  
The lessons first were taught to me,  
Of what my fathers nobly bore  
To keep the mind and conscience free.

There, seated on some brown hill-side,  
I've heard my shepherd-grandsire tell  
How were their faith and patience tried,  
And why they struggled, fought, and fell.

"My bairn," he said, as from his eye  
He dighted aff the starting tear,  
"These troubled times are long gane by,  
And we the Word can safely hear."

"But list, and I'll inform you how  
Our Covenant fathers worshippéd,  
To keep inviolate their vow  
That bound them to their heavenly Head.

"See yonder glen, where heather brown  
Is mixed with brackens, broom, and bent,  
And where the burn rins rimplin' down?—  
Dispensed was there the Sacrament.

"A cloudless July sun the morn  
Of sic a Sabbath welcomed in,

Where the dispersed and weary worn  
Did glimpses fresh of heaven win.

“ Baith far and wide, with secret care,  
The faithful learned the tidings sweet,  
From Glasgow to the shores of Ayr,  
That then and there they were to meet.

“ Our ancestors at early dawn  
Were on their knees in secret prayer,  
For those who would that day be drawn  
To hold with God communion there.

“ Their family worship, frugal meal,  
And solemn parting blessing past,  
They left their homes with bosoms leal,  
Howe'er their fortunes might be cast.

“ Twelve miles and more of rugged road  
They had to pass ; but faith was strong,  
And speaking of the works of God,  
They did not deem the distance long.

“ Great was the gathering, grave the look  
Of men and women, age and youth,  
As on the ground their seats they took  
To listen to the words of truth.

“And on the high surrounding hills,  
Concealed—yet not to mar their view—  
Were placed the trusty sentinels,  
To warn if danger near them drew.

“The preacher stood on yonder rock,  
His hair with grief grown thin and grey,  
And there addressed his little flock,  
And there for Zion’s peace did pray.

“They sang the Psalm, with plaintive tongue,  
Of ‘heathen-rage’ ’gainst Zion’s Head,  
They sang the Psalm that Judah sang  
By Babel’s streams when captive led.

“The sermon told them of the strife  
That often marks a life of faith,  
It told them of a crown of life  
Should they be steadfast unto death.

“The tables set, and duly fenced,  
The blessing asked, the tokens given,  
The elements were then dispensed,  
And souls refreshed with food from heaven.

“With exhortations, psalm, and prayer,  
The day was spent—their strength increased

And by the Lord's peculiar care  
Blood was not mingled with their feast.

“For this, my son, our fathers had  
For truth and freedom to contend ;  
And like them, from the base and bad,  
Oh ! still our sacred rights defend.”

## SONG OF A COVENANTER.

ON Lagan's winding banks a bard,  
 Whose bosom sorrow seemed to wring,  
 Lone seated, thus with tears I heard,  
 In plaintive numbers sing.

Thrice fifty years and ten have fled,  
 Since Scotland's covenanted sons  
 With pious sternness fought and bled,  
 Like patriot-martyred ones.

A perjured prince with despot sway  
 Their dearest rights had dared to spoil,  
 While flattering minions marked the way,  
 With cruelty and guile.

But courtly craft and lawless power  
 In vain endeavoured *that* to take  
 Their sires bequeathed them as their dower,  
 At scaffold and at stake.

They saw their Zion shackled then ;  
 On them for help they heard her call,  
 And, girding up their loins like men,  
 They vowed to break her thrall.

Their covenant standard was unfurled,  
And as their good broad swords they drew,  
They at their foes defiance hurled,  
And waved their banners blue.

They fought—but were compelled to fight—  
They fought, but not for wealth or fame,  
They fought to save the Right from Might,  
And Freedom's blessing claim.

They fought—their blood the heather bell,  
A deeper purple gave since then ;  
Drumclog, Airmoss, and Pentland tell,  
Their deeds on hill and glen.

Black Prelacy was then abjured  
By sacred oath and Solemn League ;  
And sacred Presbytery secured  
From force and dark intrigue.

Thrice fifty years or little more,  
Have passed since Scotland, smiling saw  
What thousands struggled to restore  
Become again the law.

But woe on their descendants, woe ;  
Arisen have a recreant race,

That give a welcome to the foe,  
Our Zion to deface.

With axes and with hammers now,  
The spoilers in their work proceed ;  
And, reckless of their fathers' vow,  
Their children bid them speed.

Knox, Melville, Guthrie, Bruce, ye band  
Of witnesses, that faithful stood,  
For Scotland's kirk, and freed your land—  
Where *now* the brave and good ?

Is every knee now bending down  
To worship Mammon's sordid things ?  
Must all to please an earthly crown  
Desert the King of Kings ?

Again, again, I hope to see  
Ere death forever seals mine eyes  
The blood-bought Kirk of Scotland free,  
And from her troubles rise.

"Thy will be done," the minstrel prayed,  
While on his knees, I saw him bend,  
And as he went away, I said,  
"May God the Right defend."



## A CRY FROM SAMOA.\*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BLOWS the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are  
flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day, and now  
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are  
crying,

My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished  
races,

And winds, austere and pure.

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home, and to hear again the call,  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peeweets crying,  
And hear no more at all.

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\* These stanzas called forth from the author of "Treasure Island," etc., in his far-off home of exile in the Pacific by the reading of Mr. S. R. Crockett's "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," and which the editor has ventured to entitle "A Cry from Samoa," are included in *The Harp of the Scottish Covenant* because, while not directly relating to the subject, they are steeped to the full in that haunted poetic atmosphere which time, acting upon Scottish sentiment, has caused to envelope the graves of the martyrs.



## NOTE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cleland of the Cameronian Regiment wrote a poem, in Hudibrastic style, on the invasion of the Highland Host among the Covenanters of the western counties in 1678. Both Sir Walter Scott and Dr. M'Crie admit that the work shows considerable talent. It contains an amusing and graphic description of the Celtic warriors, and the following excerpts from which may prove of interest to the reader.

On page 4 he thus pourtrays—

### THE HIGHLAND ARMY.

Some might have judged they were the creatures  
Called selphies, whose customs and features  
Paracelsus doth decry  
In his occult philosophy,  
Or fauns, or brownies, if ye will,  
Or satyrs, come from Atlas Hill.  
But those who were their chief commanders,  
As such who bore the pirnie standards,  
Who led the van and drove the rear,  
Were richt weel mounted in their gear ;  
With brogues, trews, and pirnie plaids,  
With gude blue bonnets on their heads,  
Which on one side had a flype  
Adorned with a tobacco-pipe ;

With dirk, and snapwork, and snuff mill ;  
A bag, which they with onions fill,  
And then, strict observers say,  
A tup horn filled with usquebae ;  
A slashed out coat beneath her plaids,  
A targe of timber, nails, and hides,  
With a long two-handed sword ;  
In nothing they're accounted sharp  
Except in bagpipe and in harp.

At page 34 he represents them as exhibiting—

More different postures  
Than sewed on hangings, beds, or bolsters ;  
More various actings, modes, and stances,  
Than's read in poems or romances.  
Pipes were playing, drums were beating,  
Some sneeshin from their fellows getting ;  
Trumpets sounding, skenes were glancing,  
Some were "Tonald Cowper" dancing.

The rapacity of the Highland Host, who were let loose upon the poor Covenanters of the West in order to induce them to adopt the religion of *a gentleman*, is thus described :—

They dirk our tenants, shame our wives,  
And we're in hazard of our lives ;  
They plunder horse, and them they laden  
With coverings, blankets, sheets, and plaiden,  
With hodden gray and worsted stuff ;

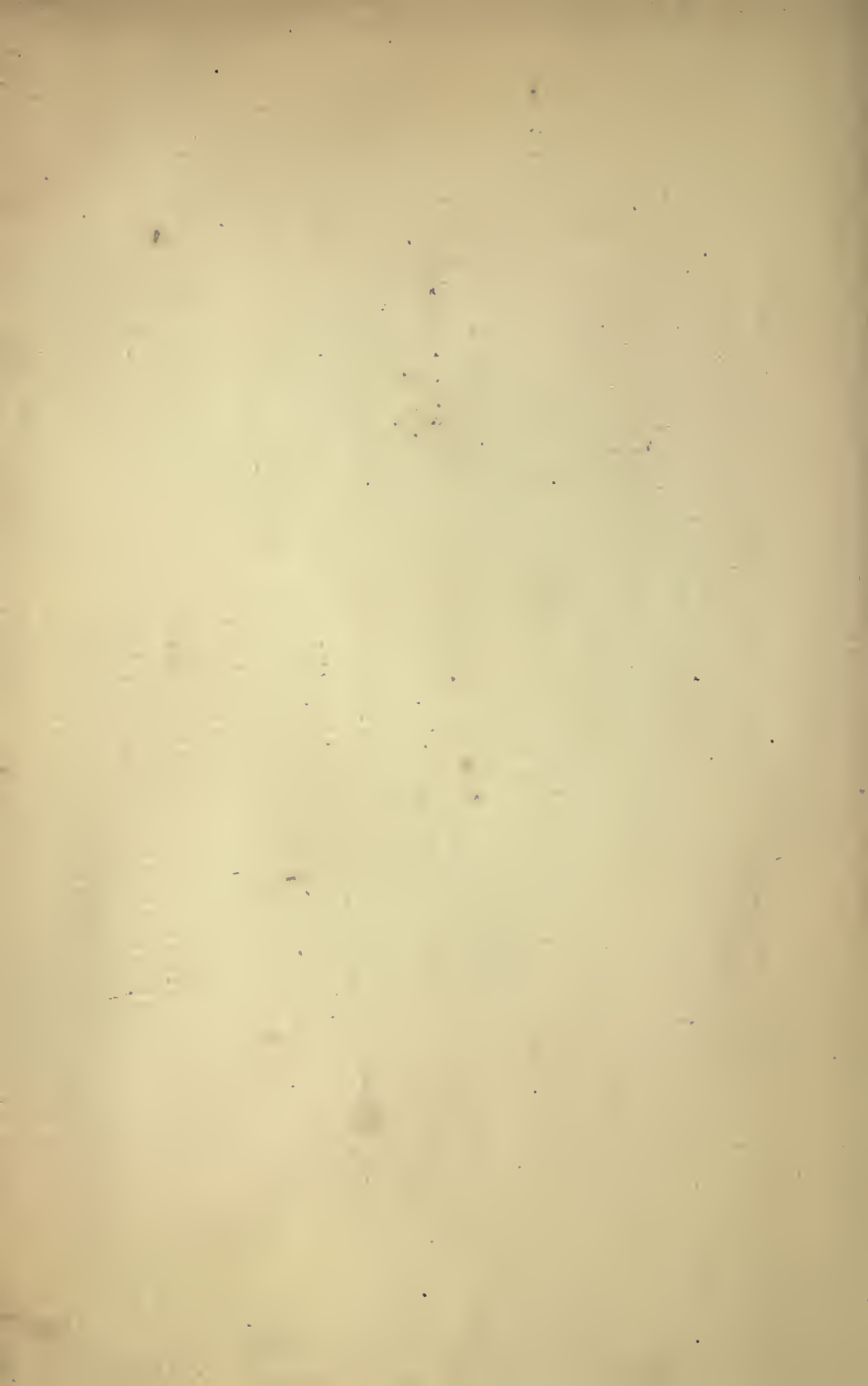
They take our coulter and our socks,  
And from our doors they pull the locks,  
They leave us neither shools nor spades,  
And take away our iron in lades ;  
They break our ploughs, even when they're working,  
We dare not hinder them for dirking.  
My Lords ! they so harass and wrong us,  
There's scarce a pair of shoes among us,  
And for blue bonnets they leave none  
That they can get their clauts upon ;  
If any dare refuse to give them,  
They dirk them, strip them, and so leave them ;  
They ripe for arms, but all they find  
Is arms with them—leave nought behind !

—Nimmo's *Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale*.

THE END.













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Macfarlane, John, comp.  
The harp of the  
Scottish covenant; poems,  
songs, and ballads  
relating to the  
covenanting struggle,  
A. Gardner (1895)

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